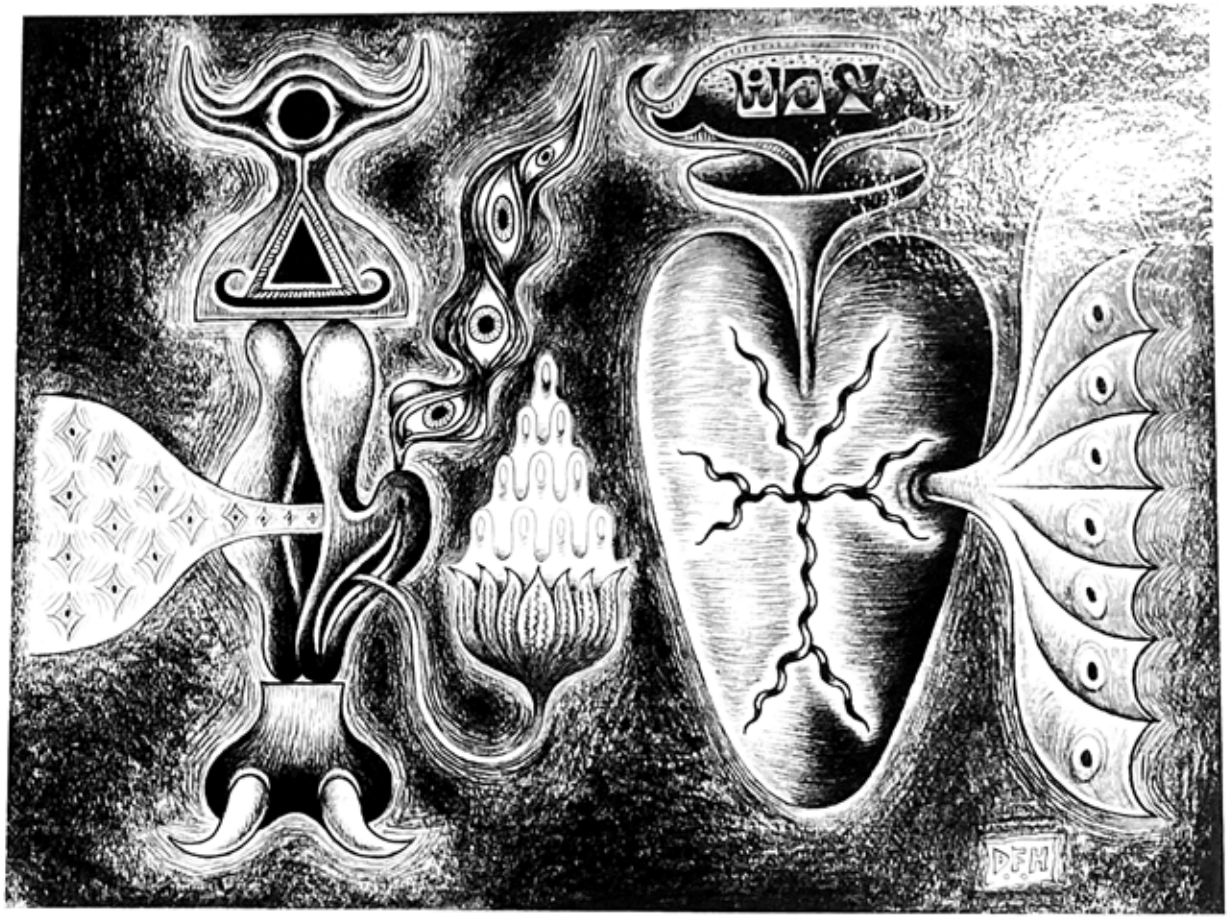
THE DOOMSDAY BONNET



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THE DOOMSDAY BONNET

ARKANABULUM III

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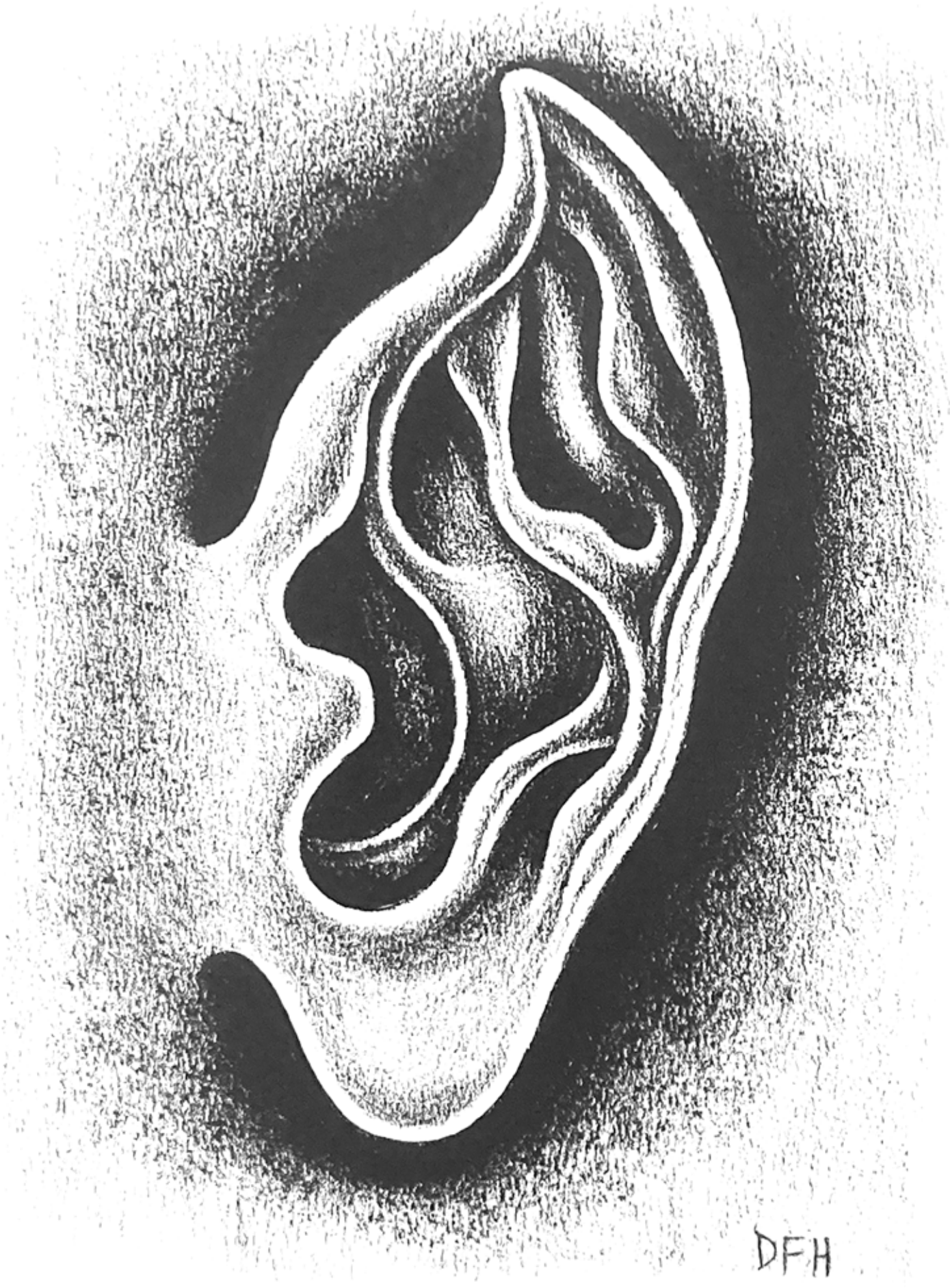
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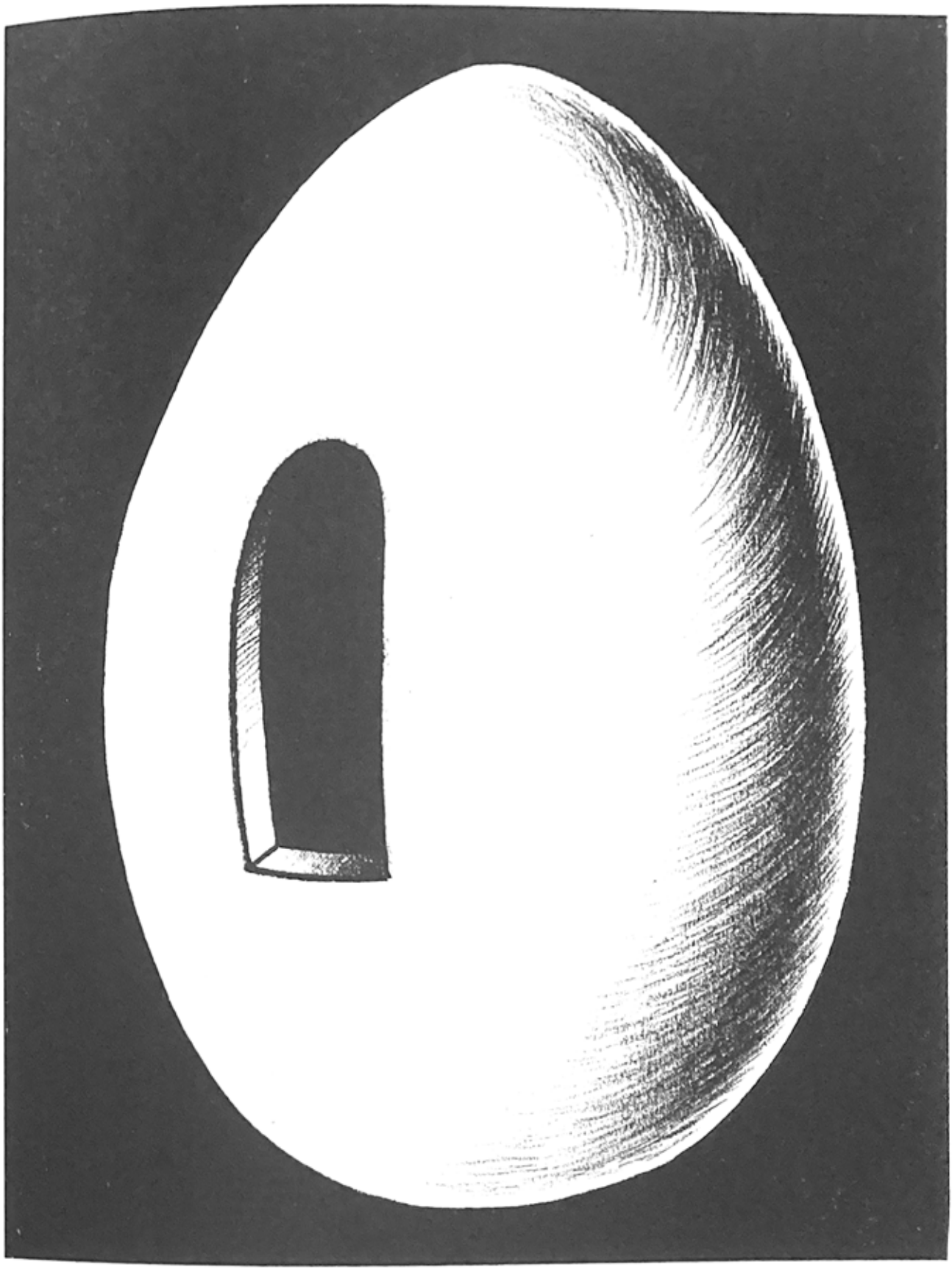
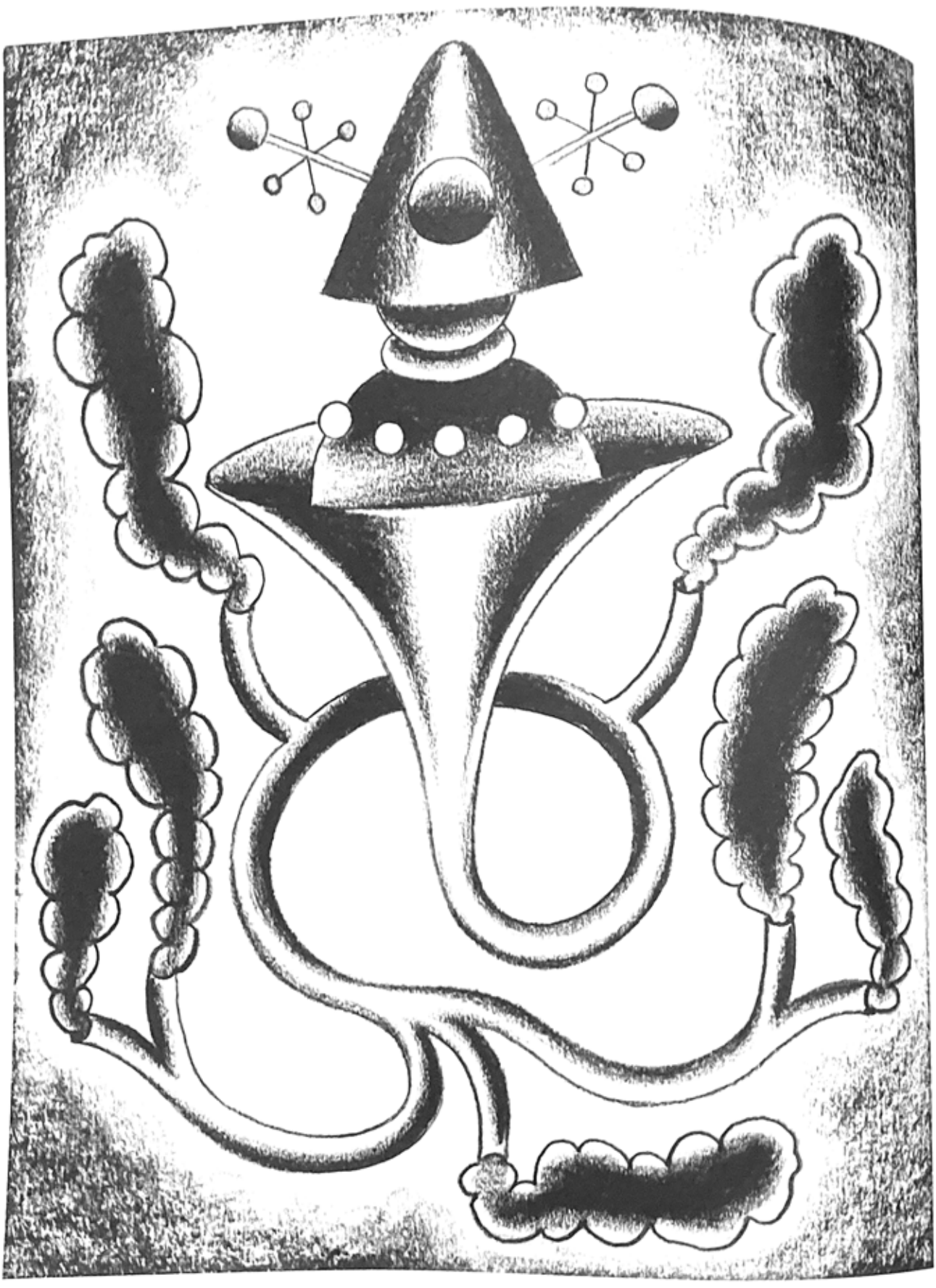
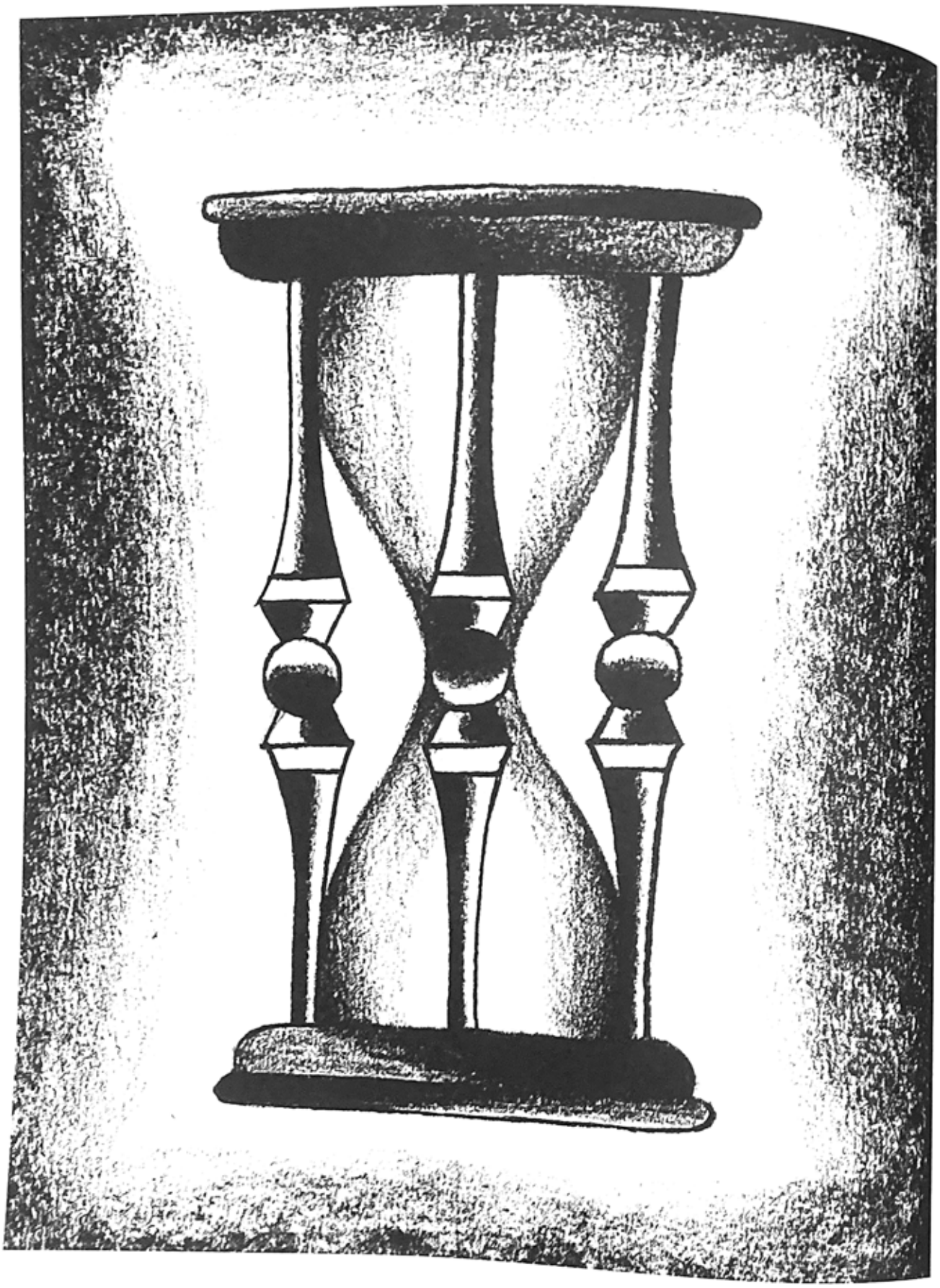
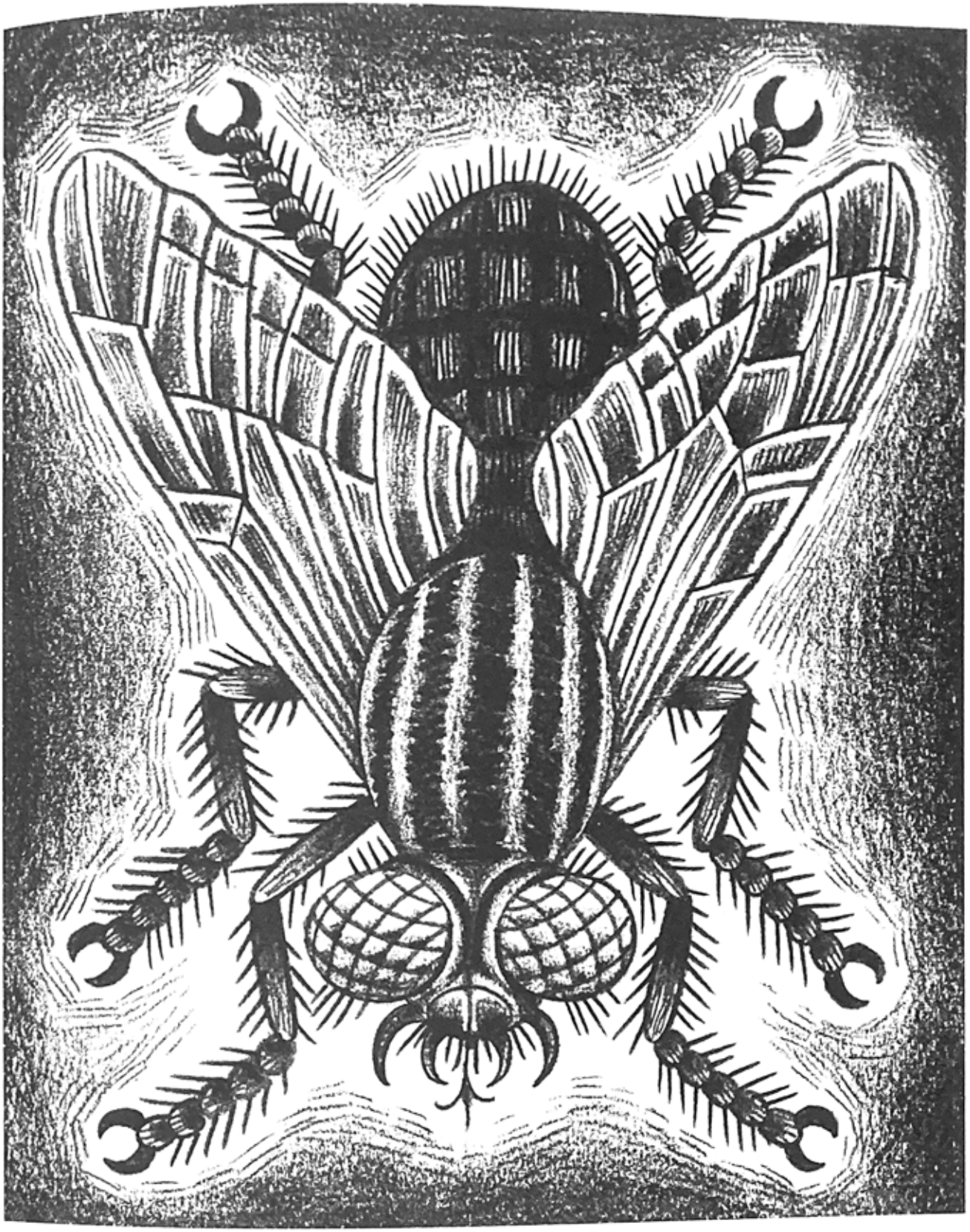


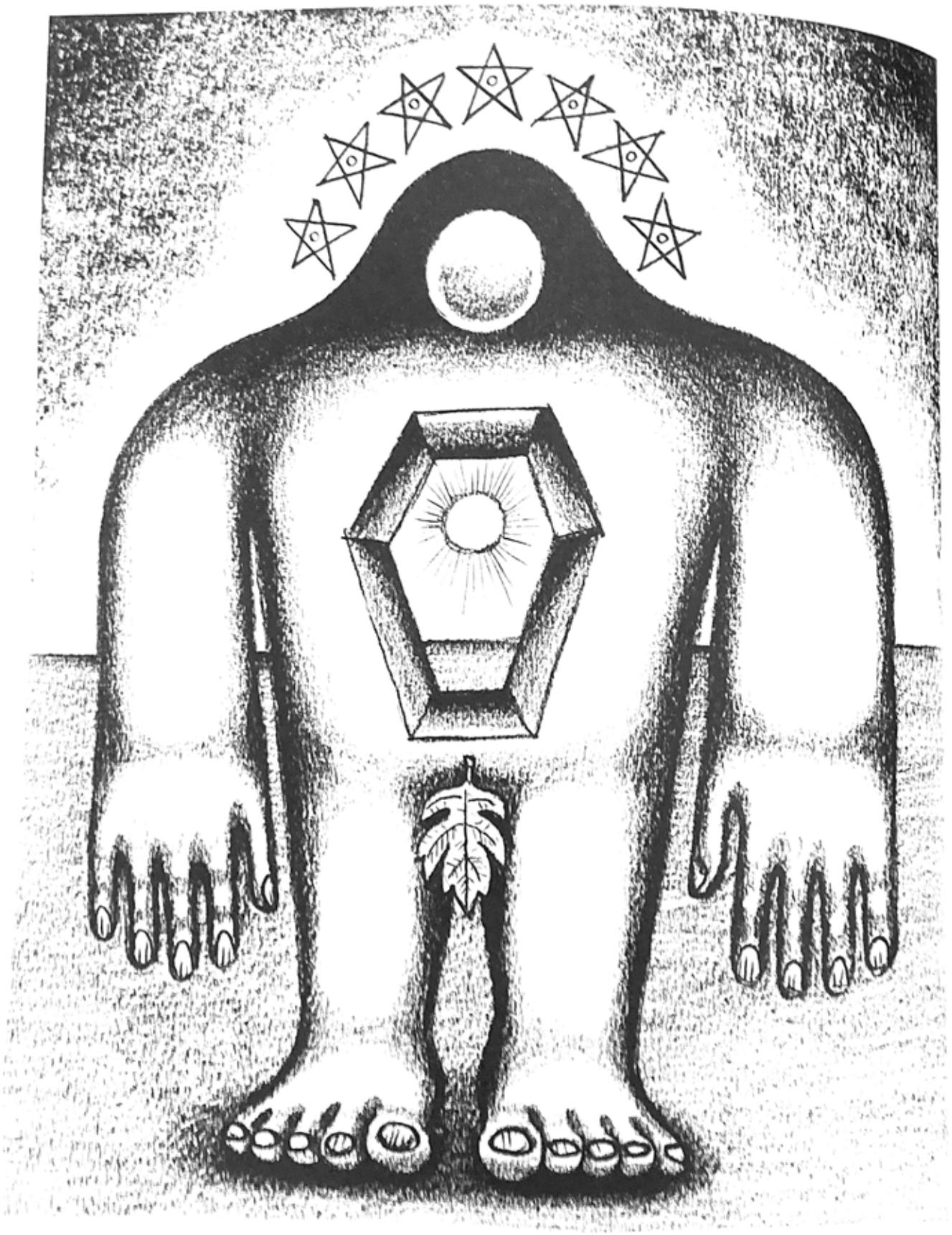
THE SORCERER'S INDISTINGUISHABLE SIMULACRUM HOVERS OVERHEAD ASTRIDE A LEOPARD-SPOTTED ORNITHOPTER... ITS PSYCLONIC GAZE STROBES INTO PATTERNS OF USELESS IMPRESSIONS ERODING THE FORECONSCIOUS INTO PUZZLING MINDWEBS THAT CONCEAL THE VITAL WORDPLAY SECURING INNER FREEDOM FOR DISPOSABLE VEHICLE OF ENSOULMENT

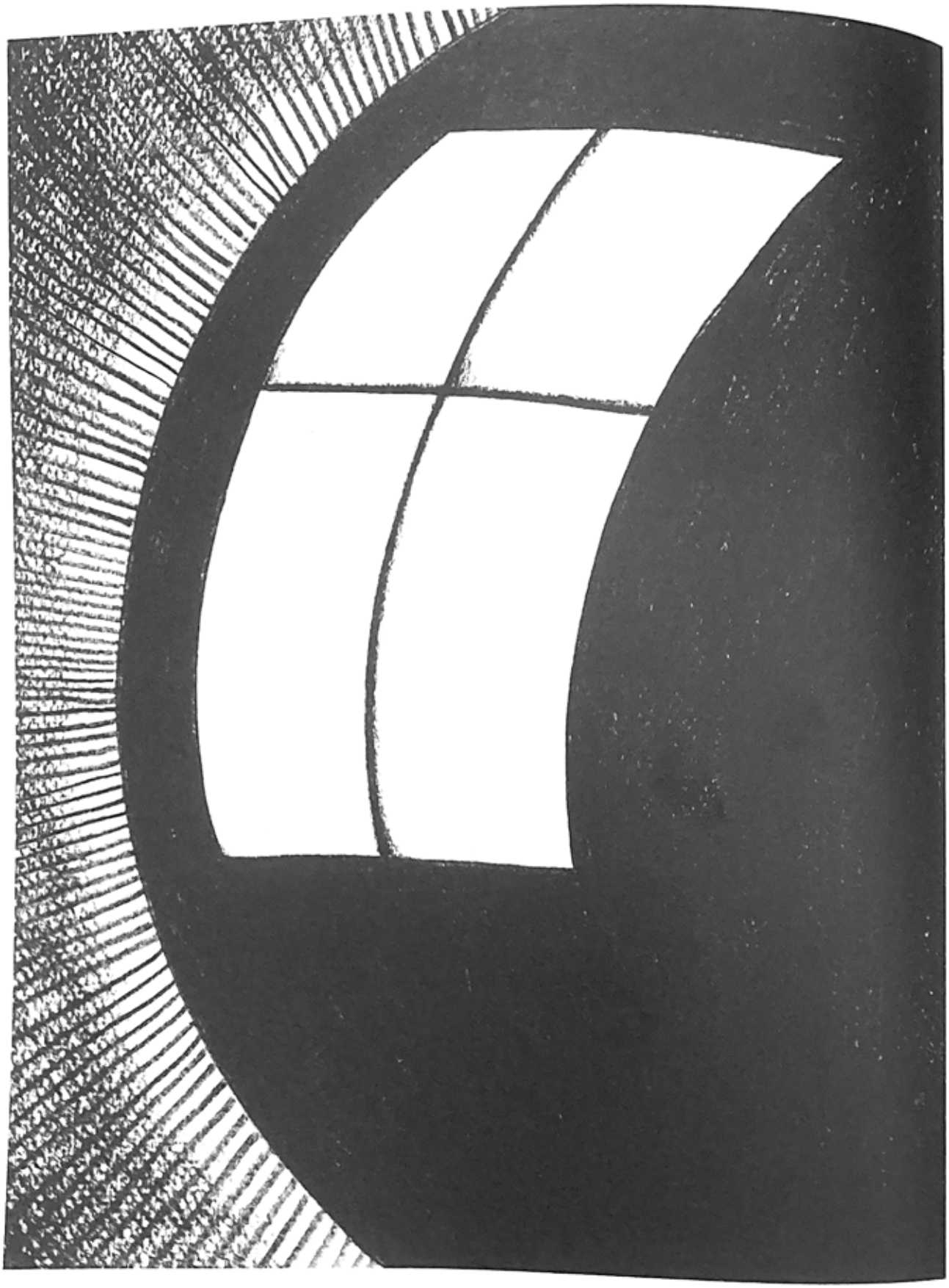
TO SIN
ON
HAG-GEMS
BEYOND
DEATHS
LID

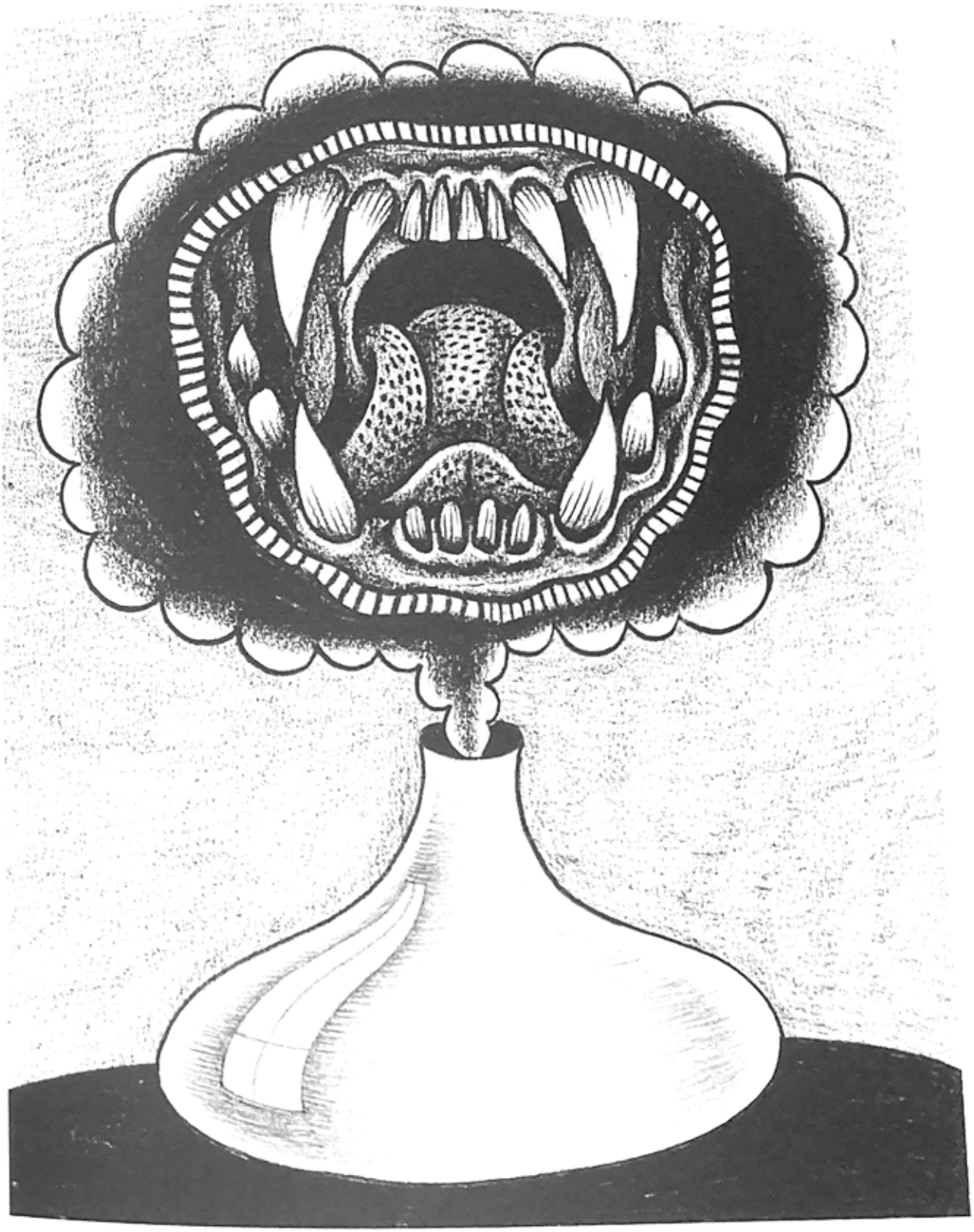


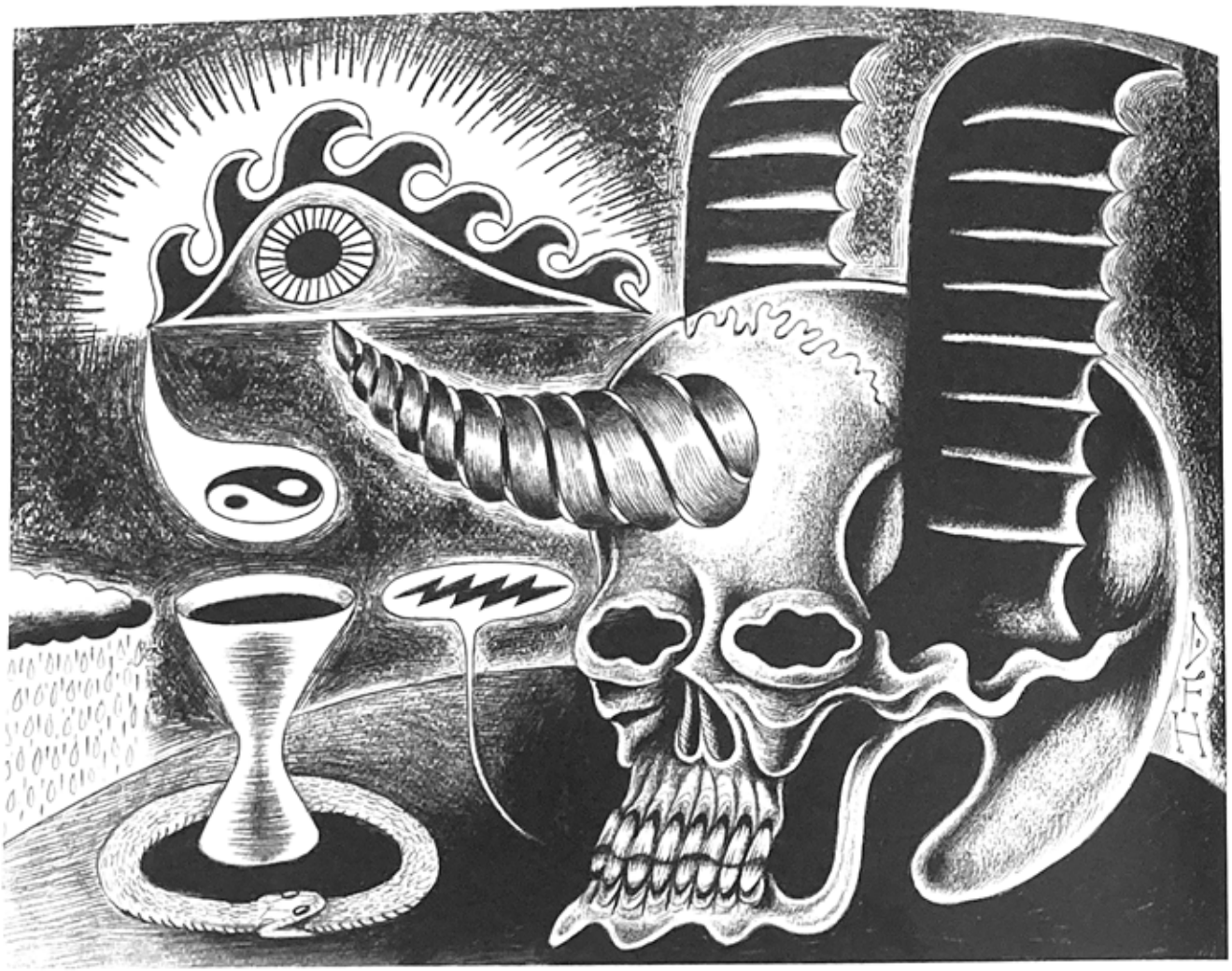




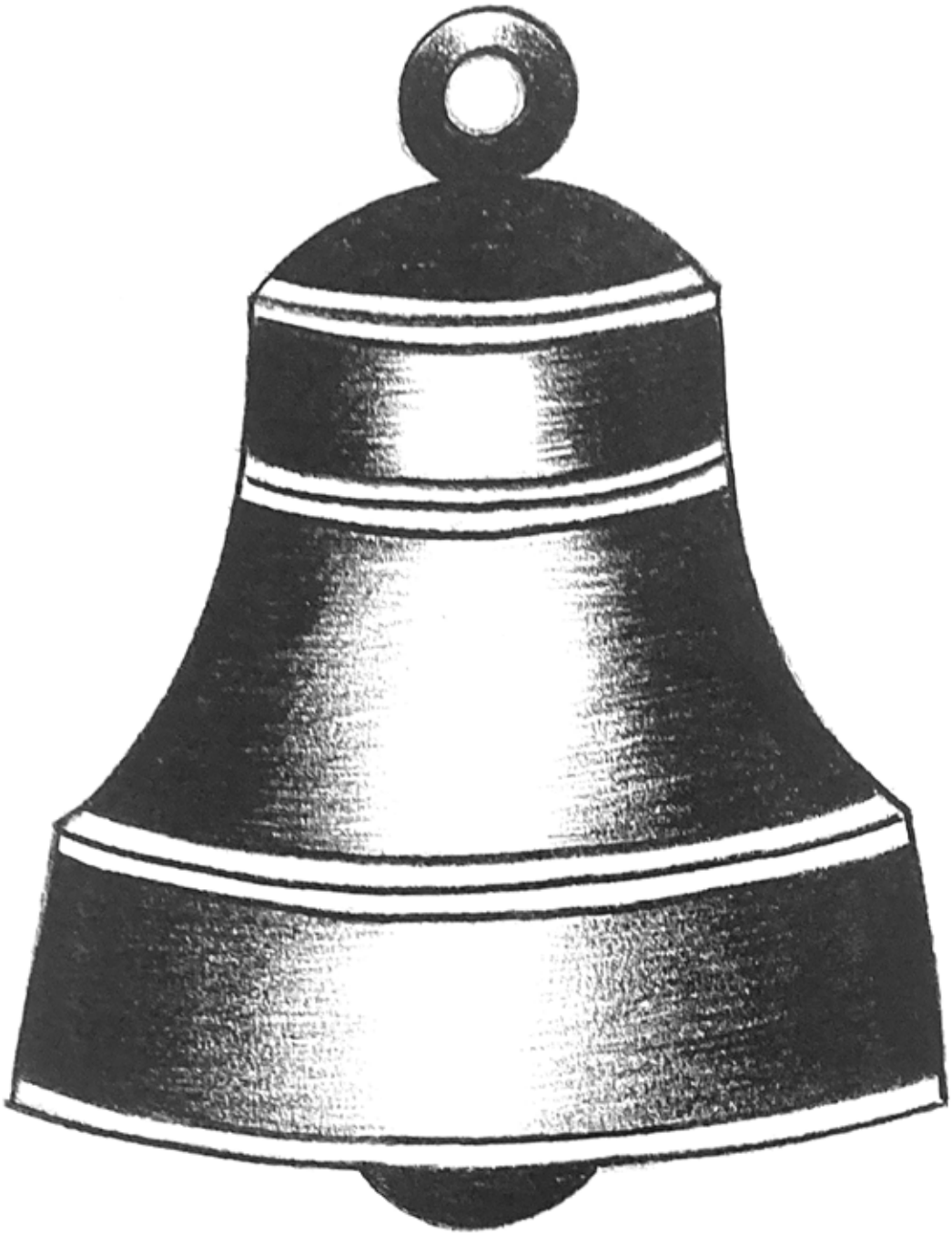


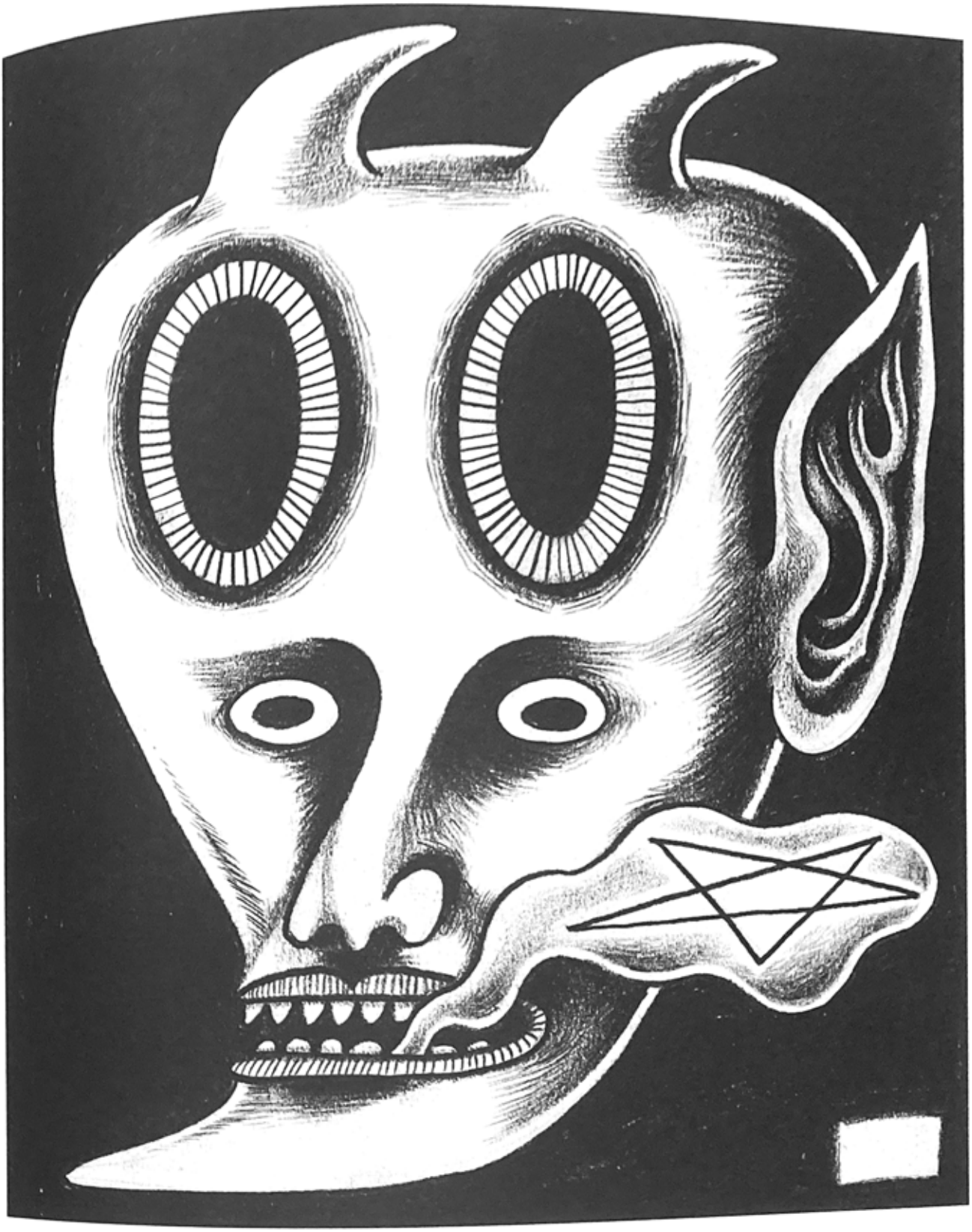


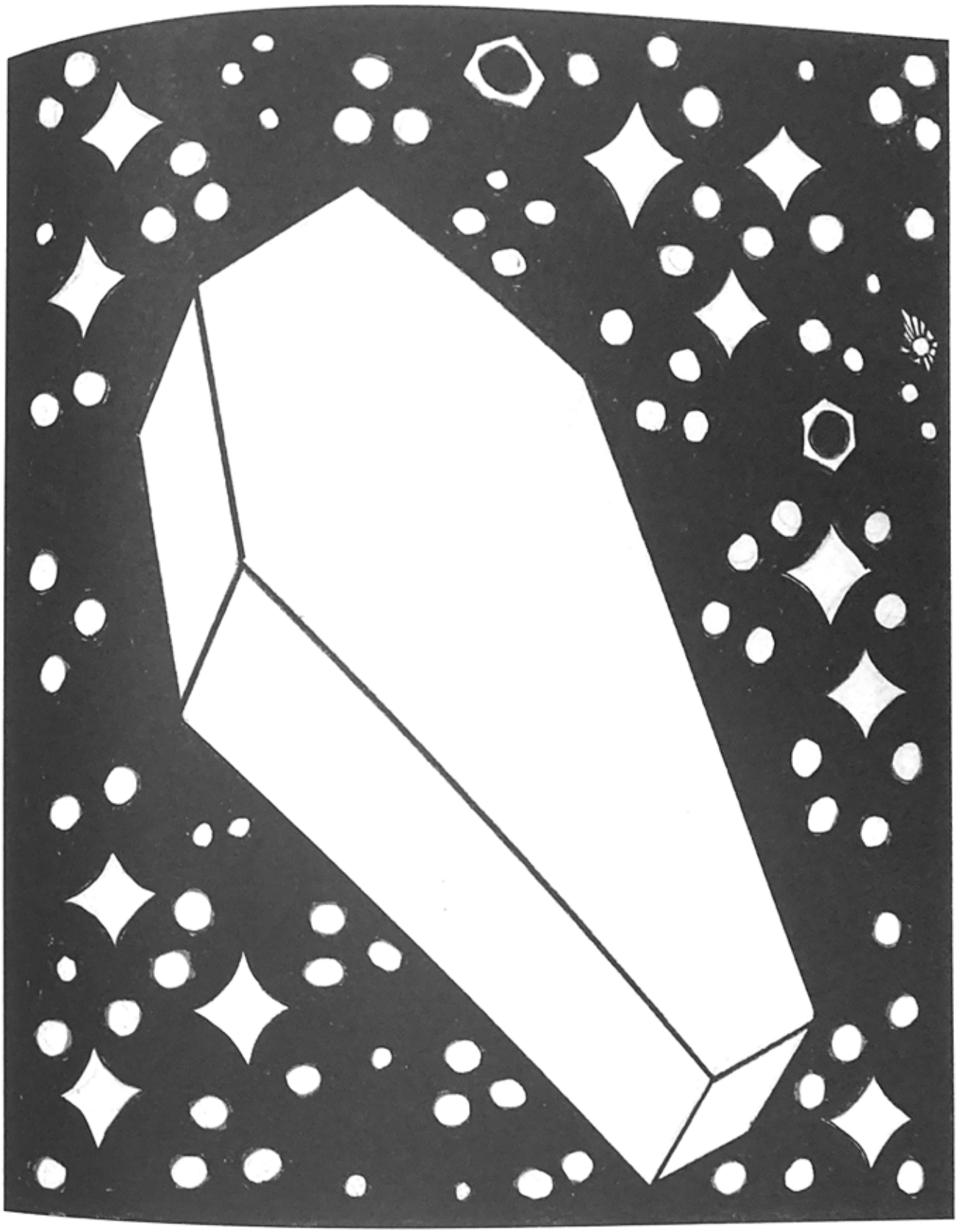




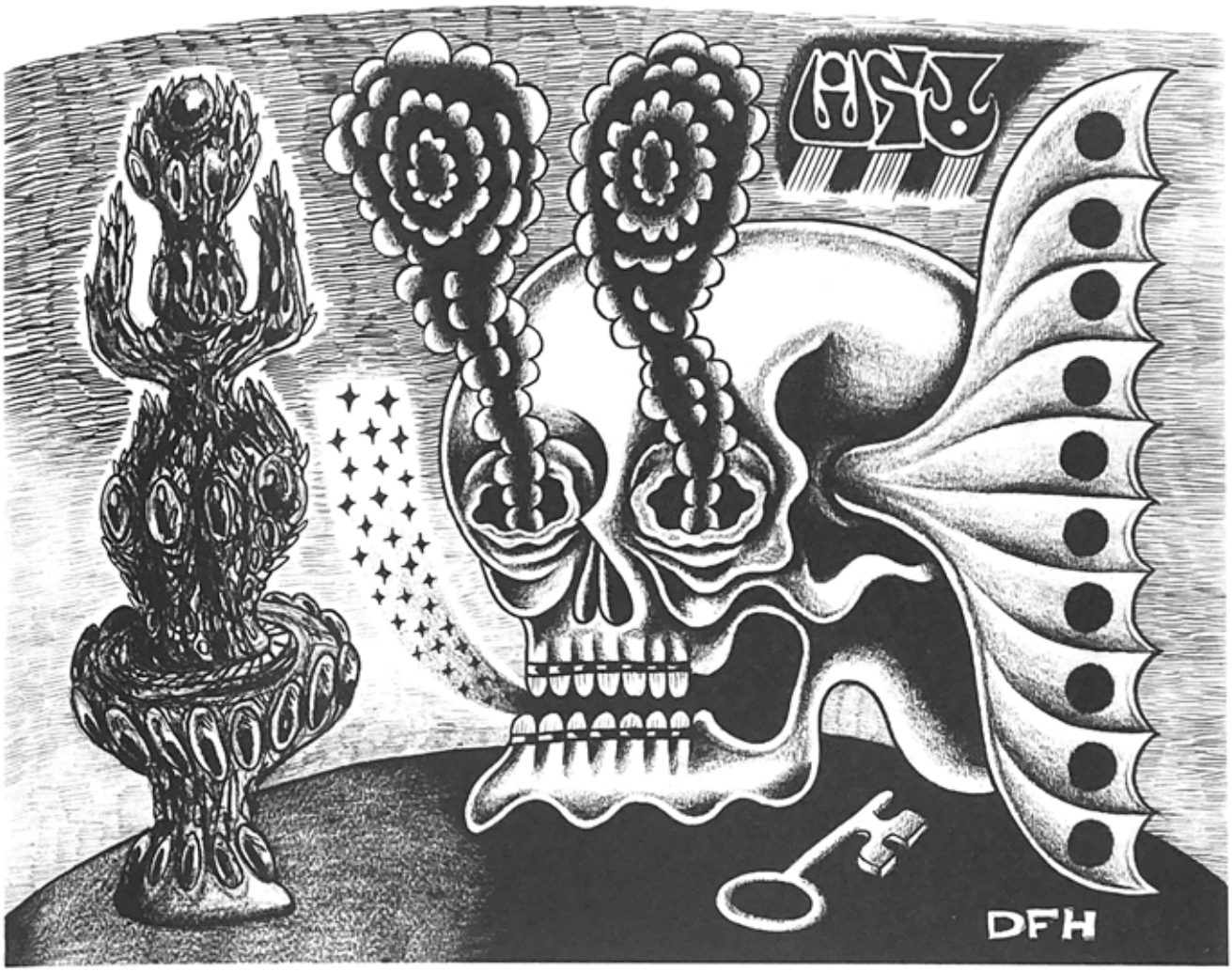
ALLOWING THE GAME OF PROPHECY
TO CONTINUOUSLY ADAPT TO
OPENLY MUTATING CONTROL-CONSOLES
SMOOTH AS UNBORN LAMBS ON
SEA ALTARS OF INCALCULABLE
SLIME WHERE WEEPING DEVILS
CIRCUMAMBULATE CYCLOPEAN
HEARTS OF EXTINCTION... THE
LOST TEACHING IS PRESERVED AS
DUST UPON THE THRESHOLD OF THE
FREE & UNIVERSAL TEMPLE OF MUSIC WITHIN







UNIVERSAL SACRIFICE AGAINST TELEPATHIC HATRED ENSLAVING MULTITUDES OR WITNESS EMPATHY AS TACTILE HALLUCINATIONS EMBALM YOU... MIDWIVES OF WOLF SERPENTRY SAKTIPAT THE DREAMBODY INTO RUINOUS QUAKES OF NOWHEREHOOD ... BOW BENEATH SENTIENT SWORDS OF MUSIC SHEDDING VENGEFUL TEARS FOR THE DISGRACED GOD OF CLOWNS...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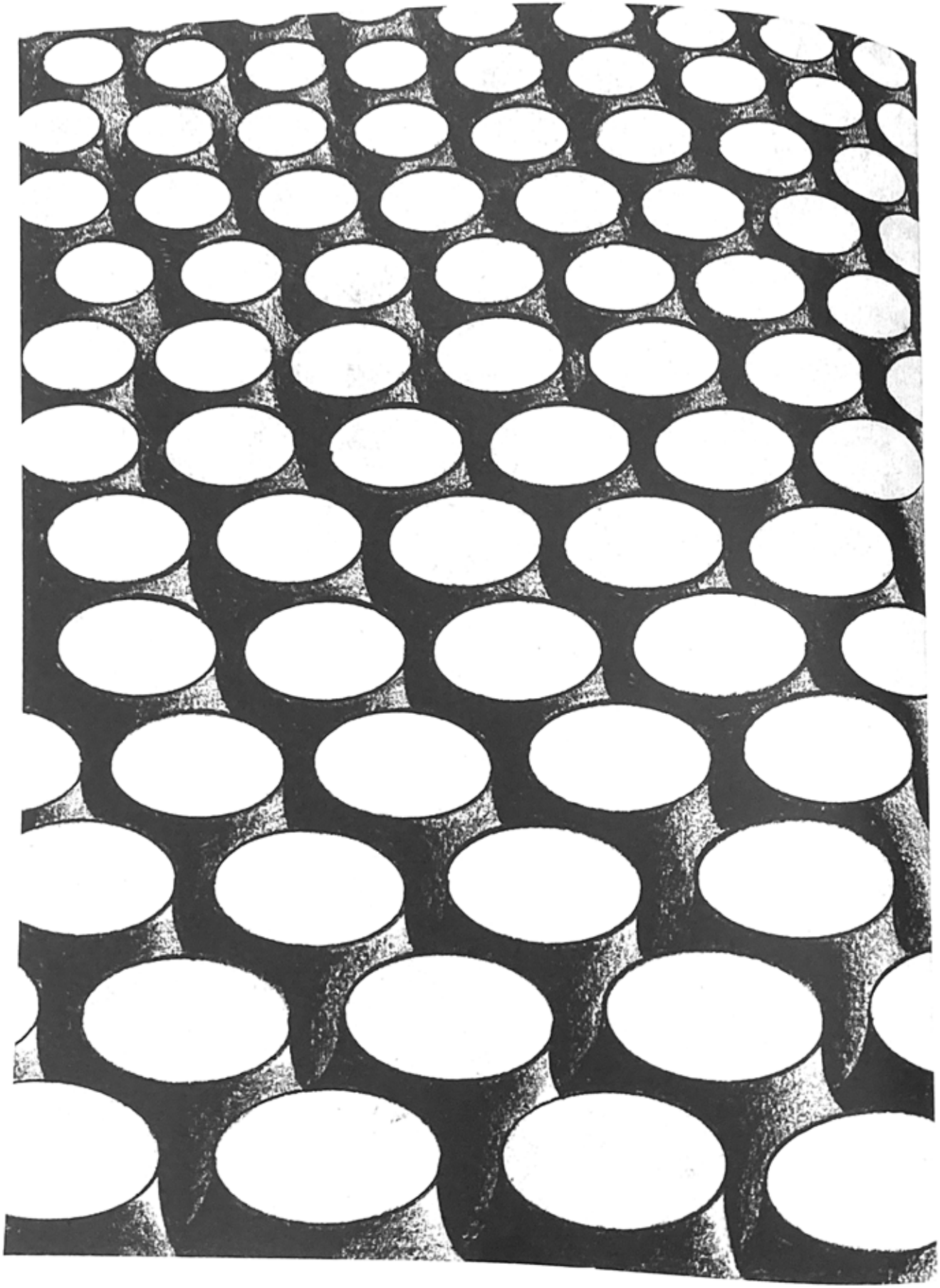

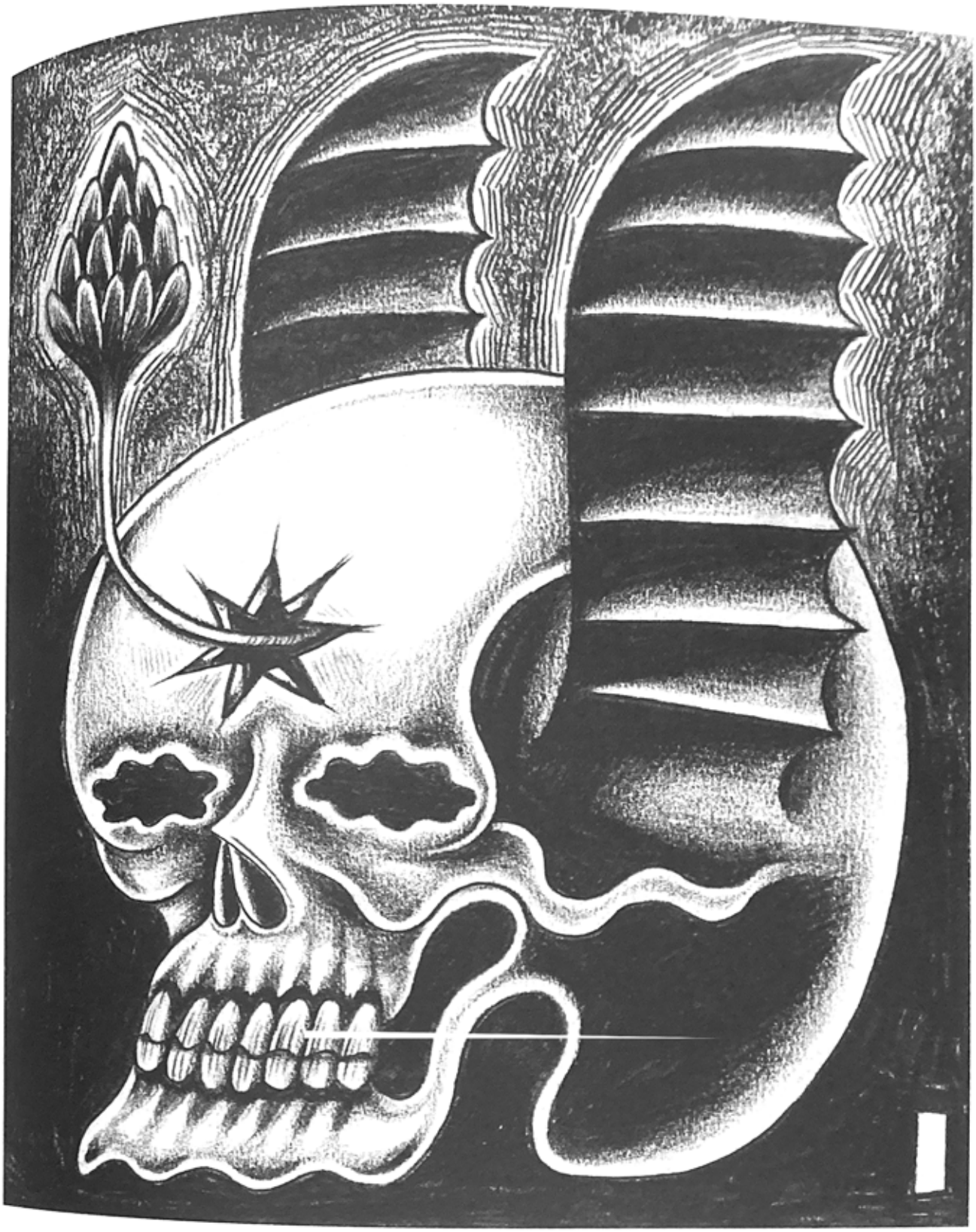

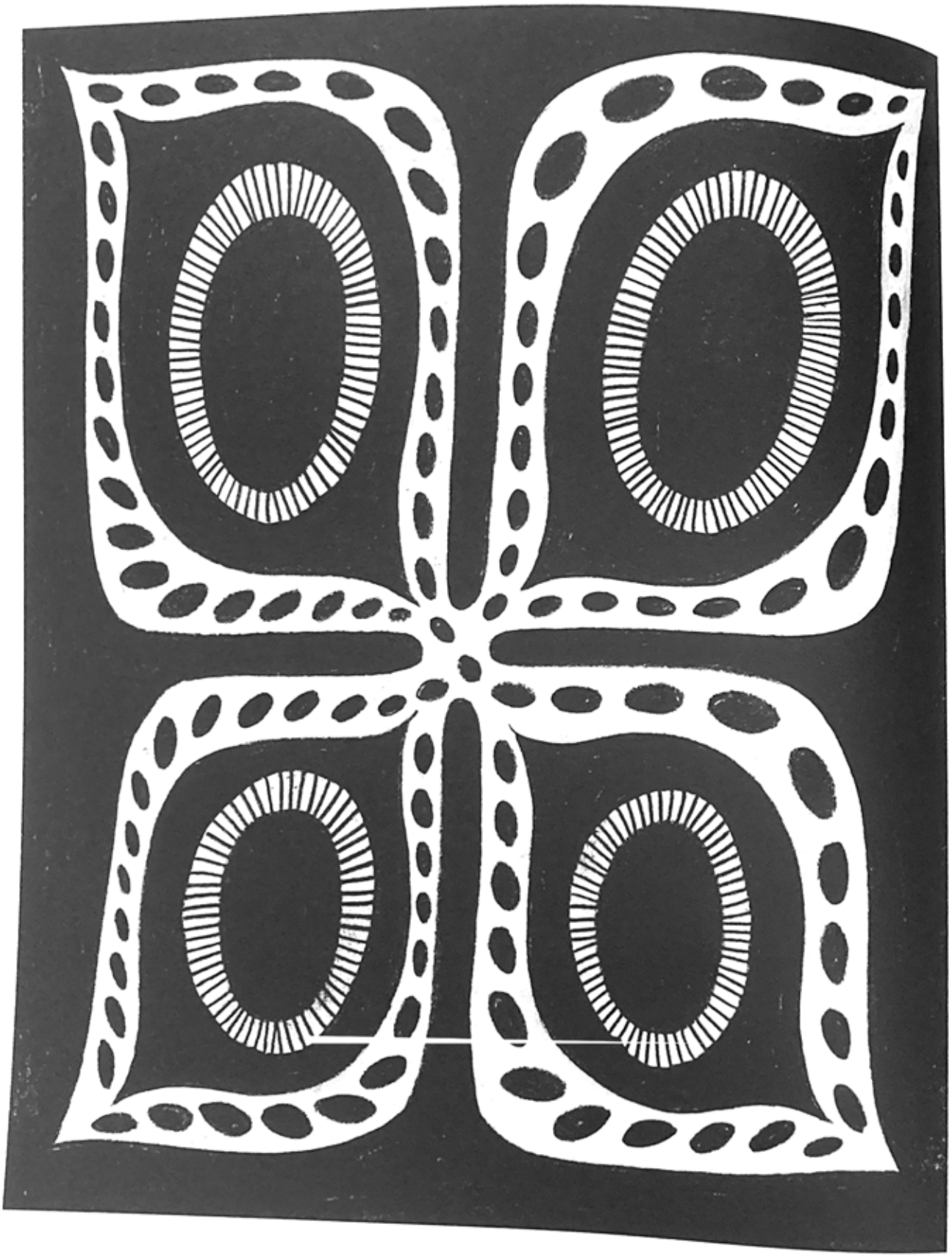

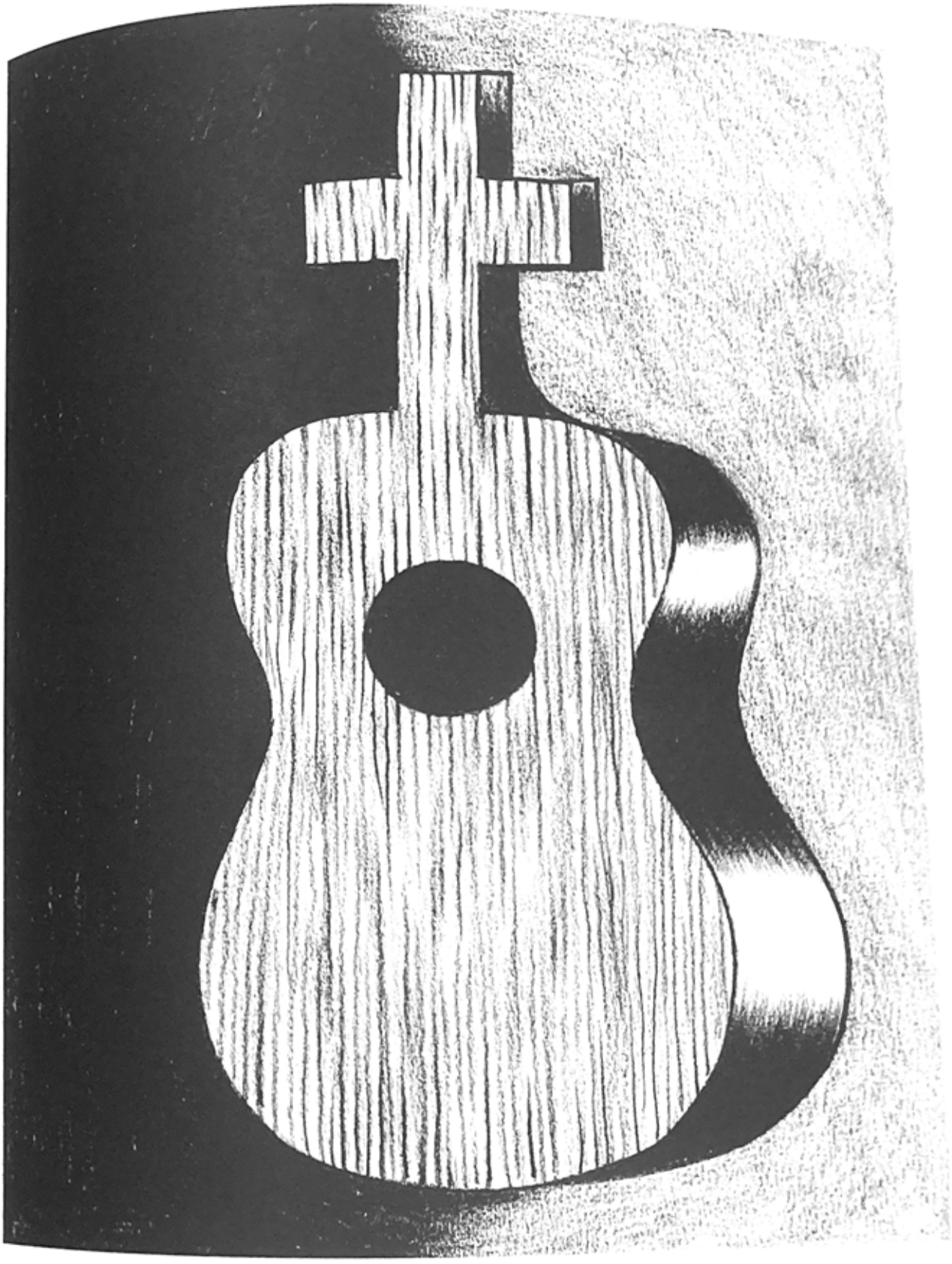

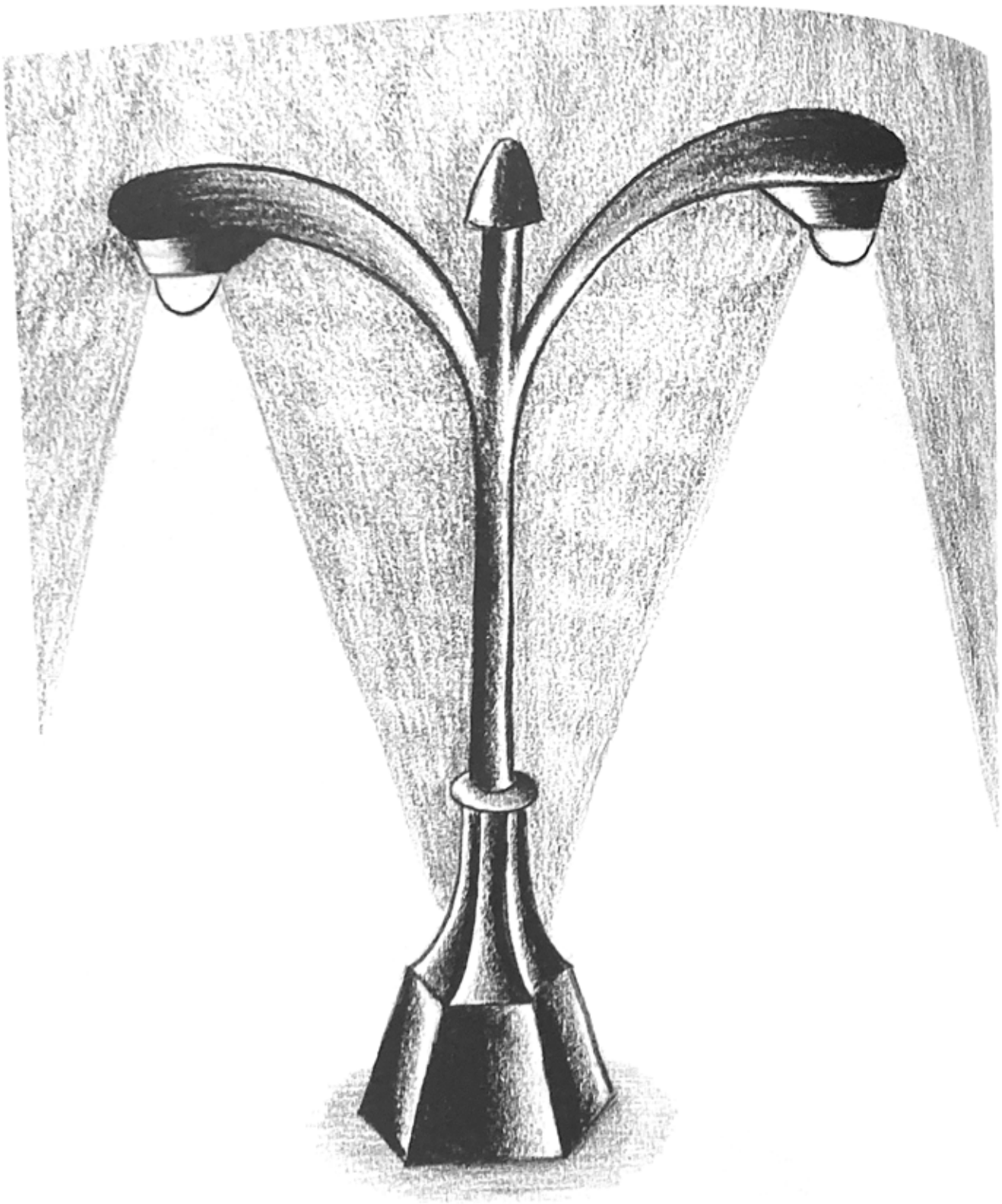

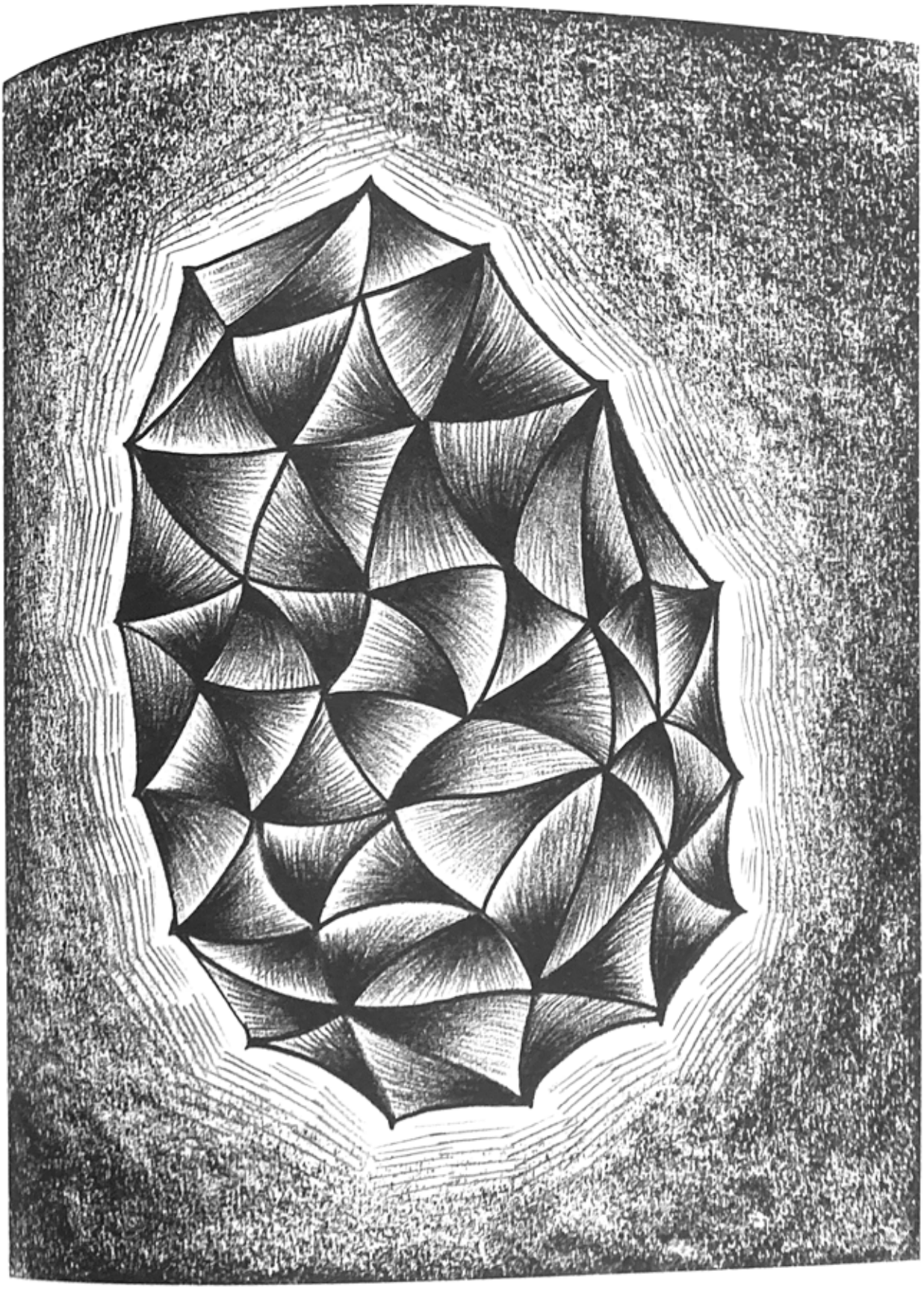

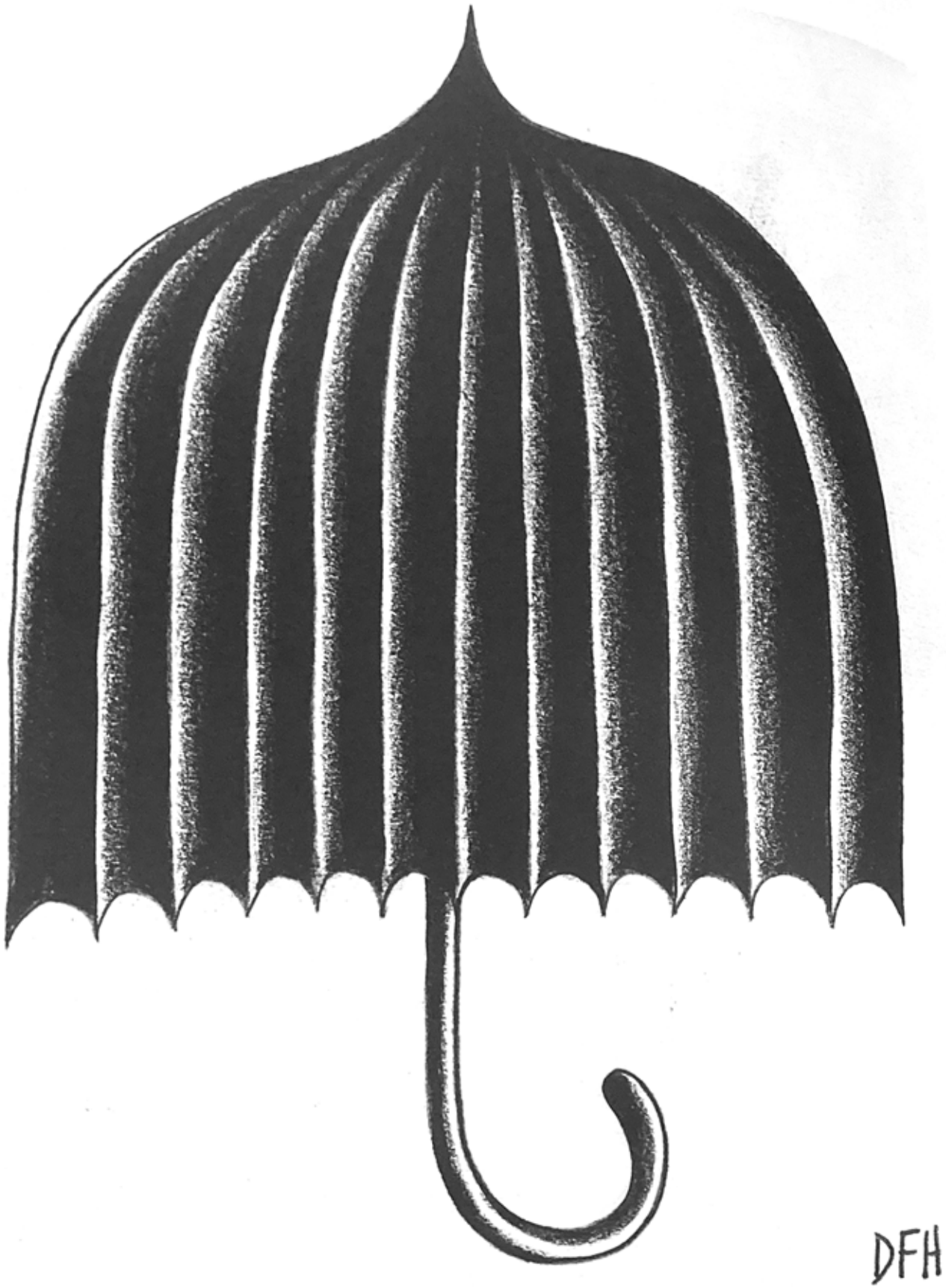
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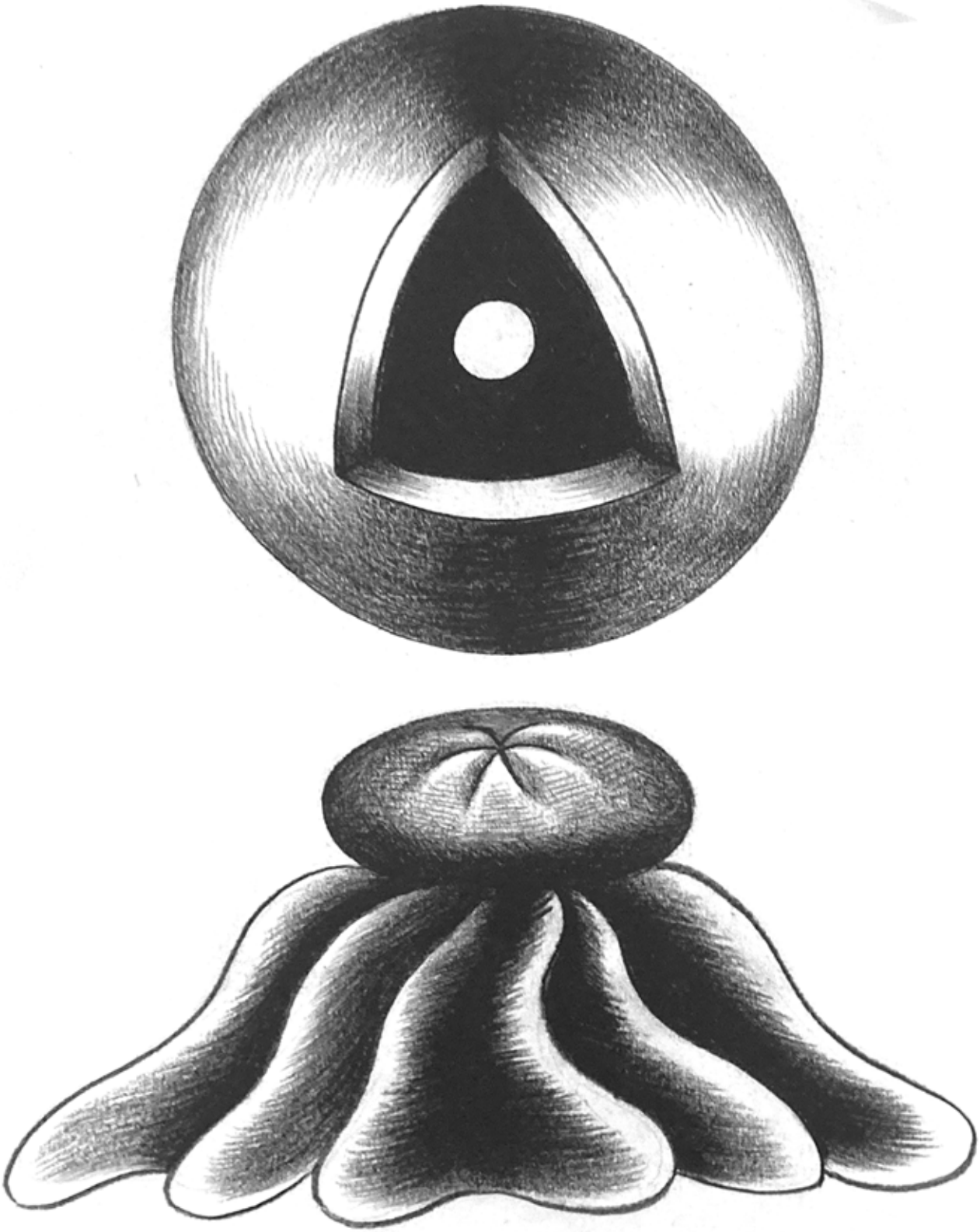

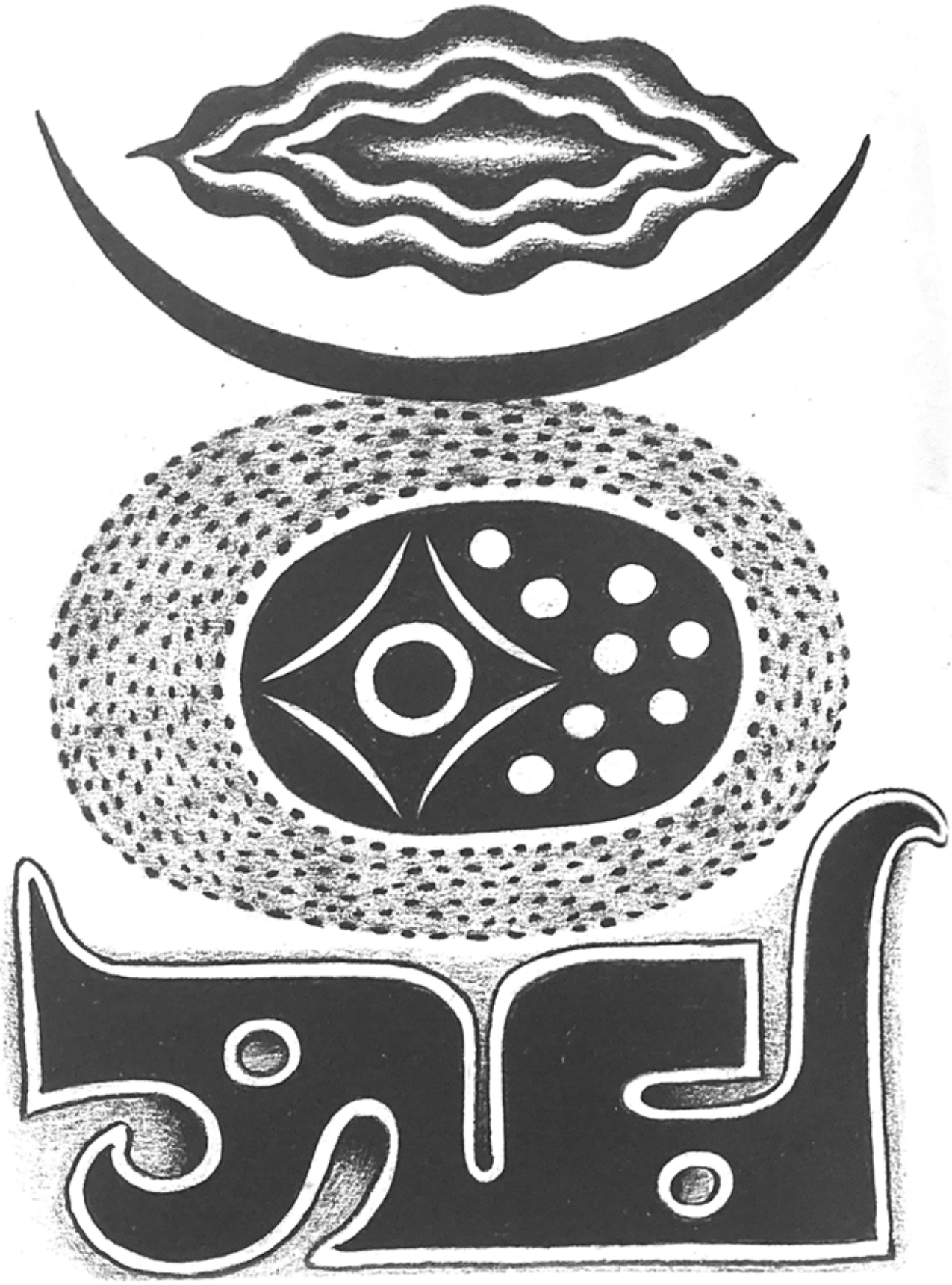

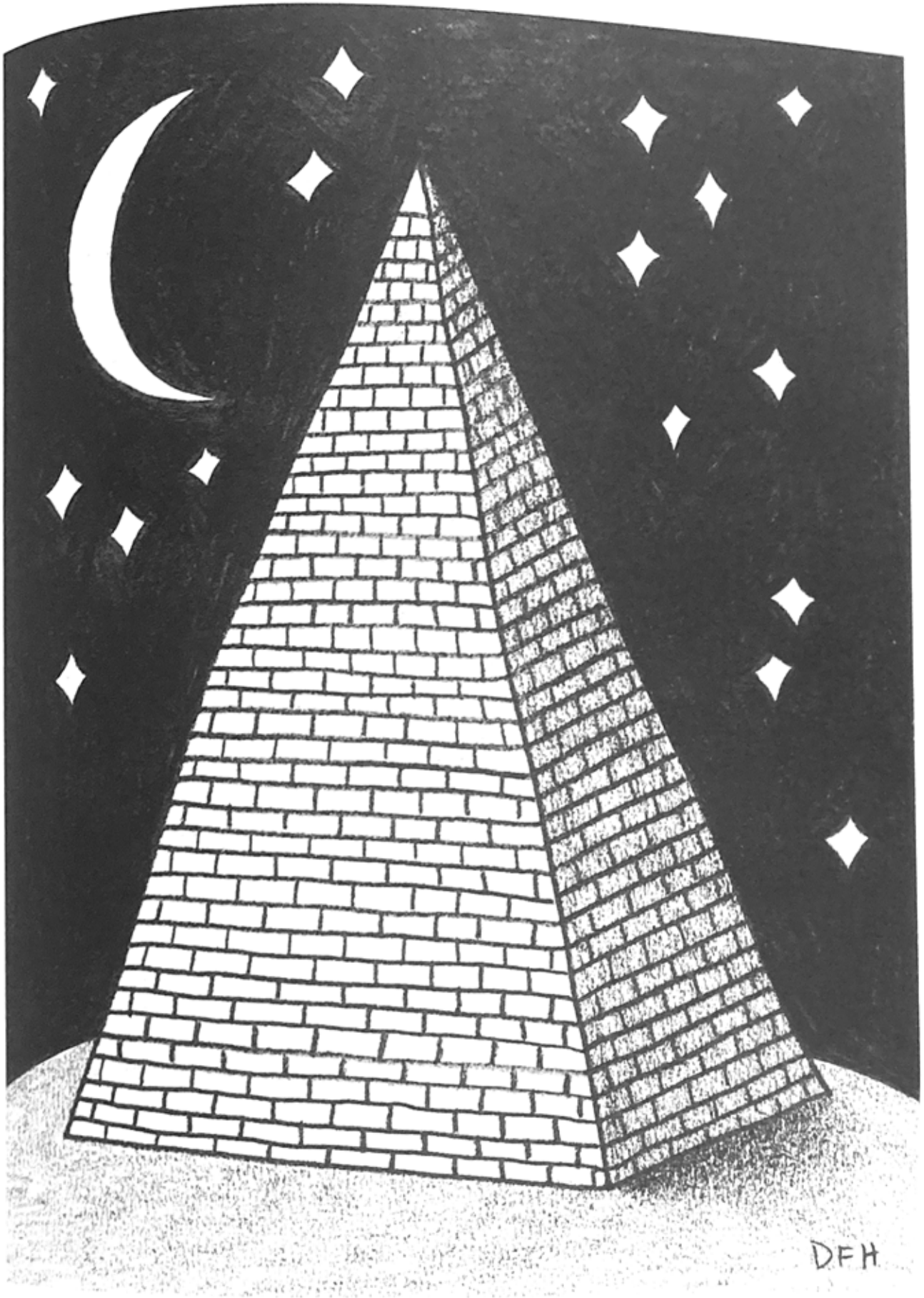
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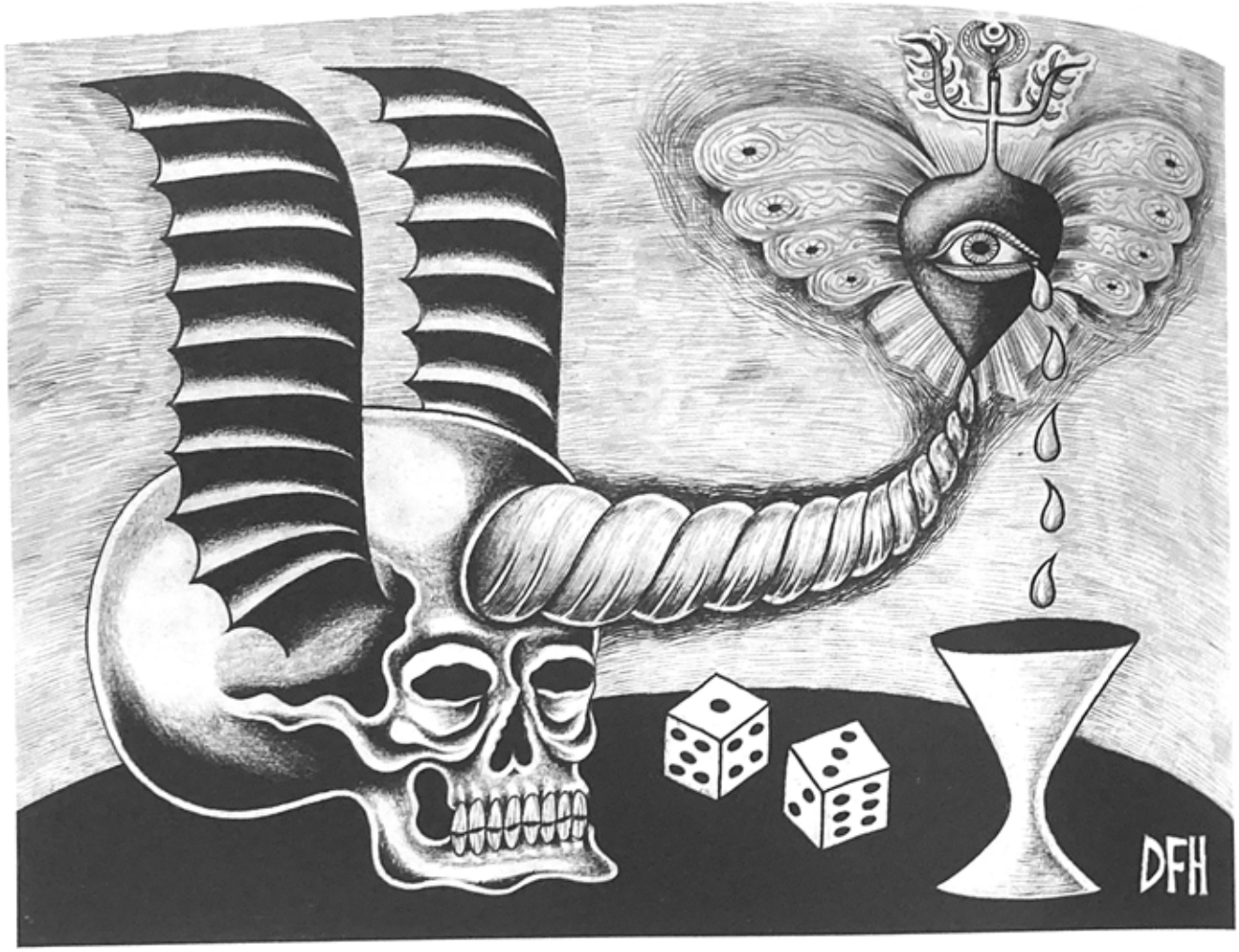
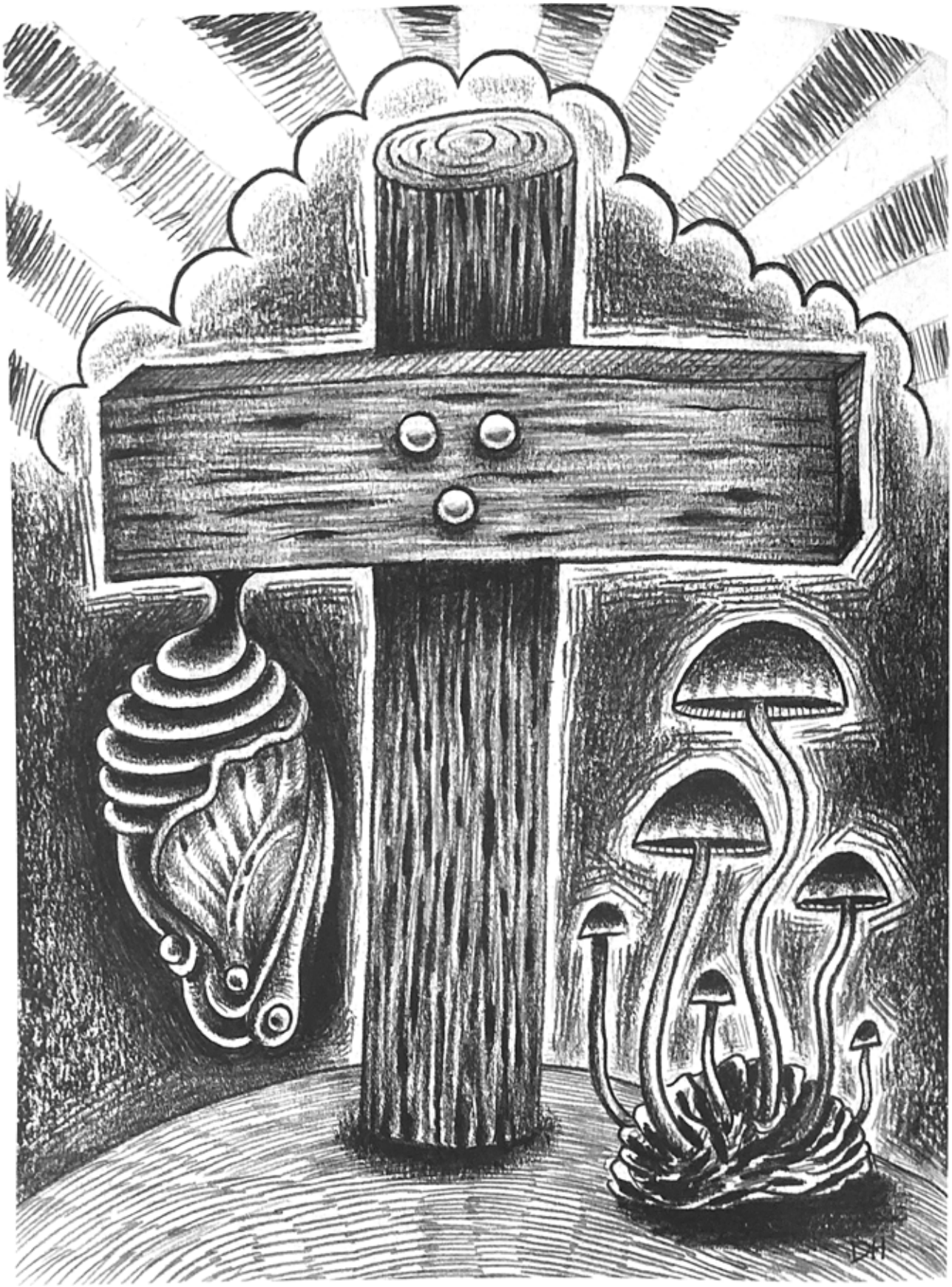
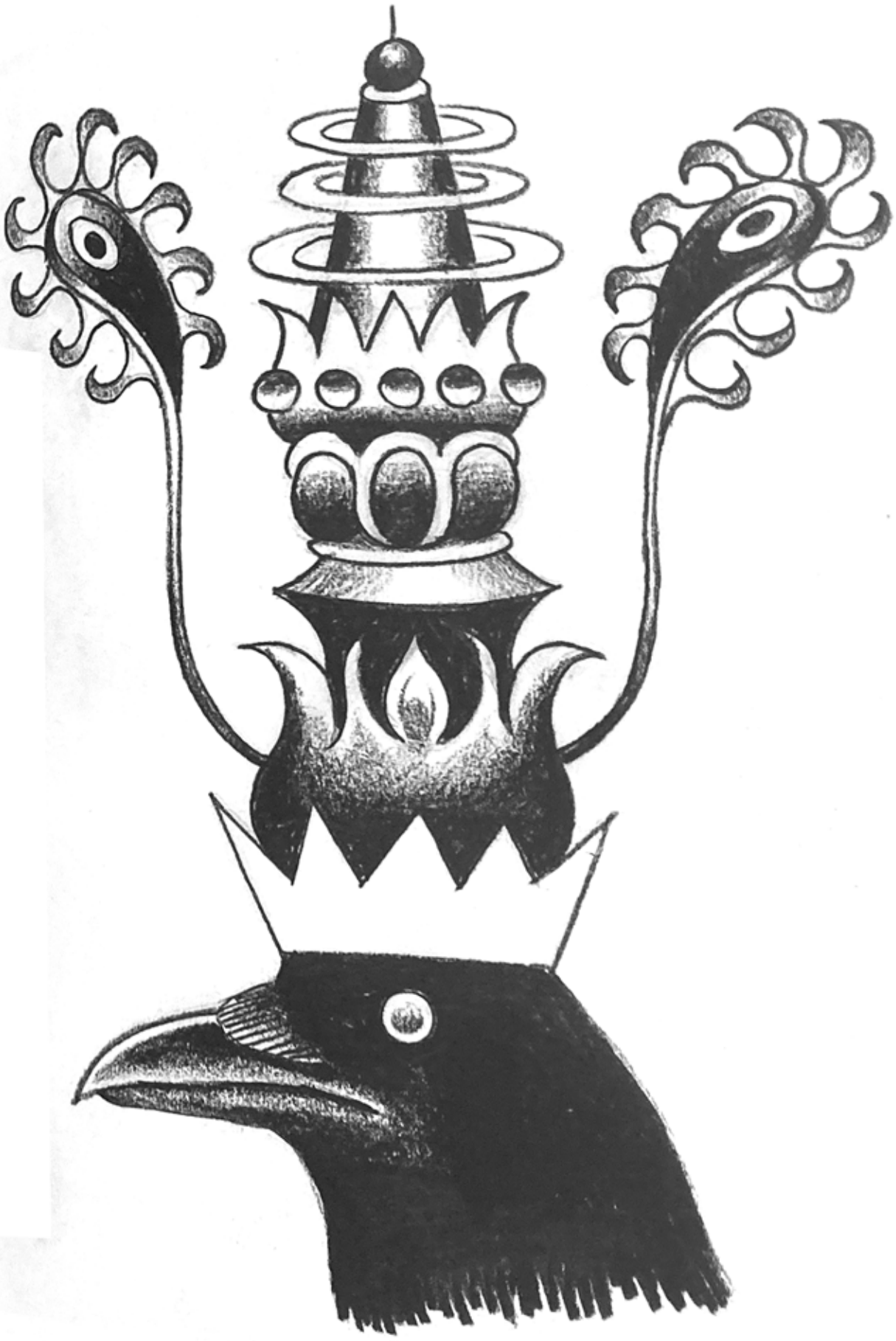
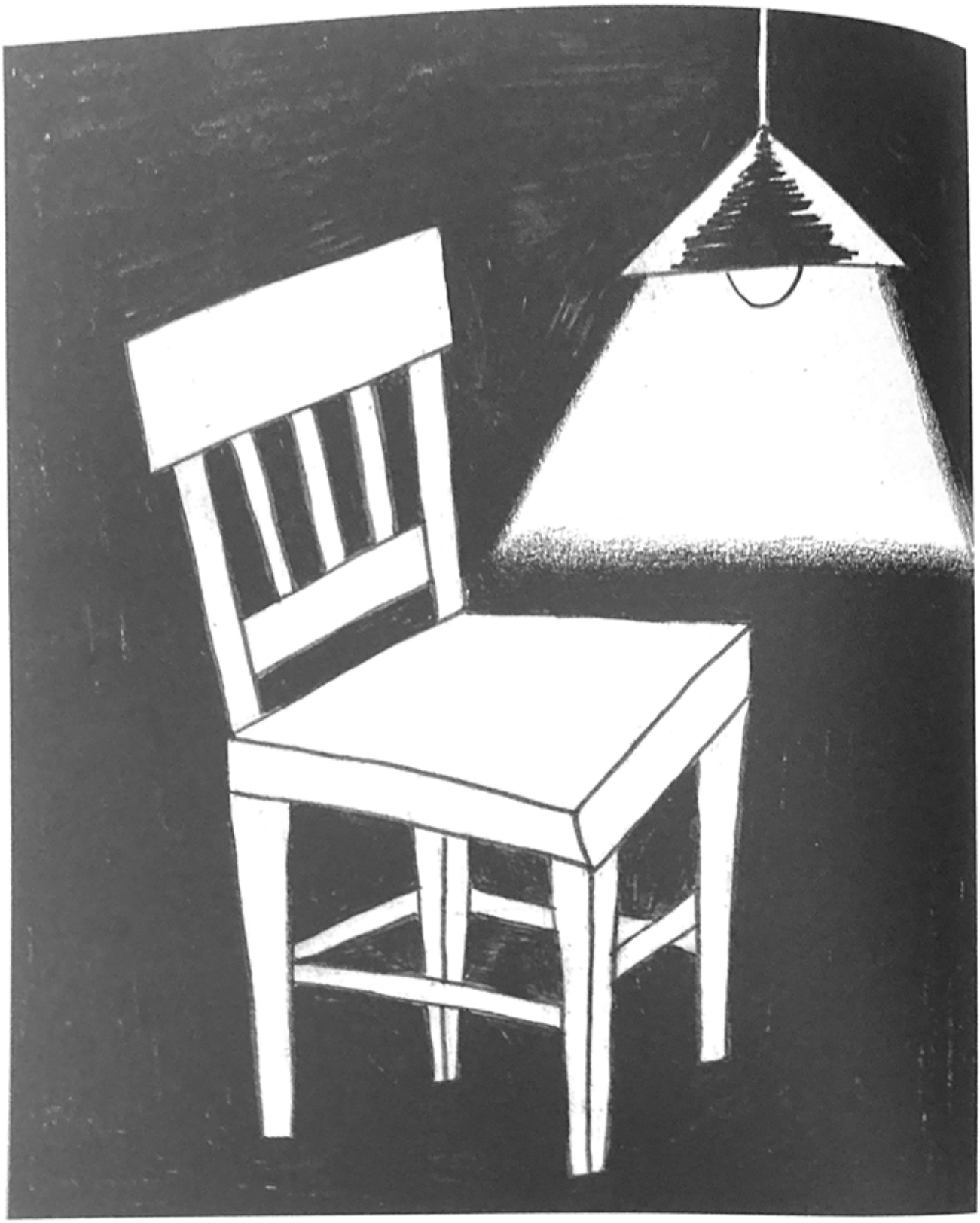
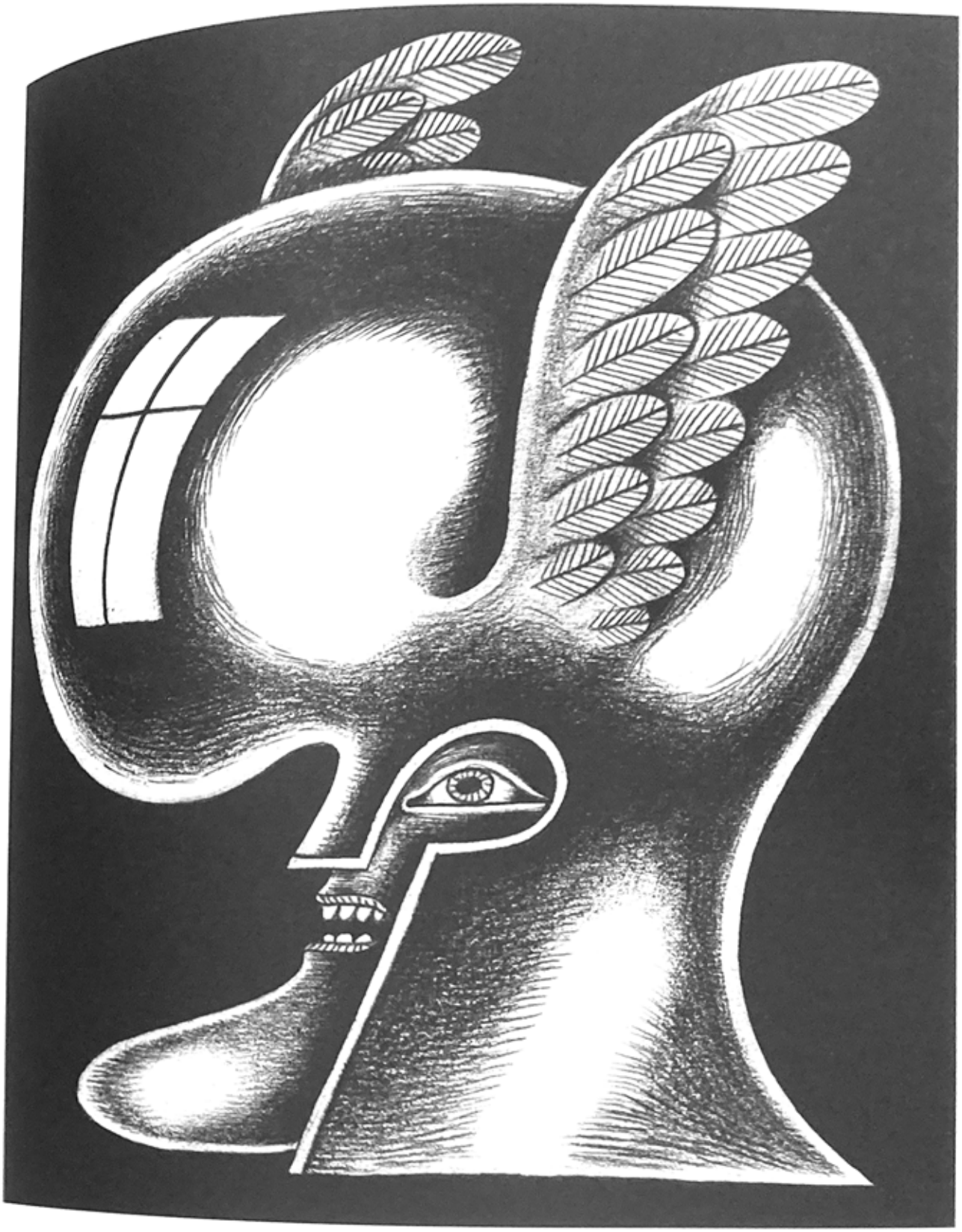

DFH

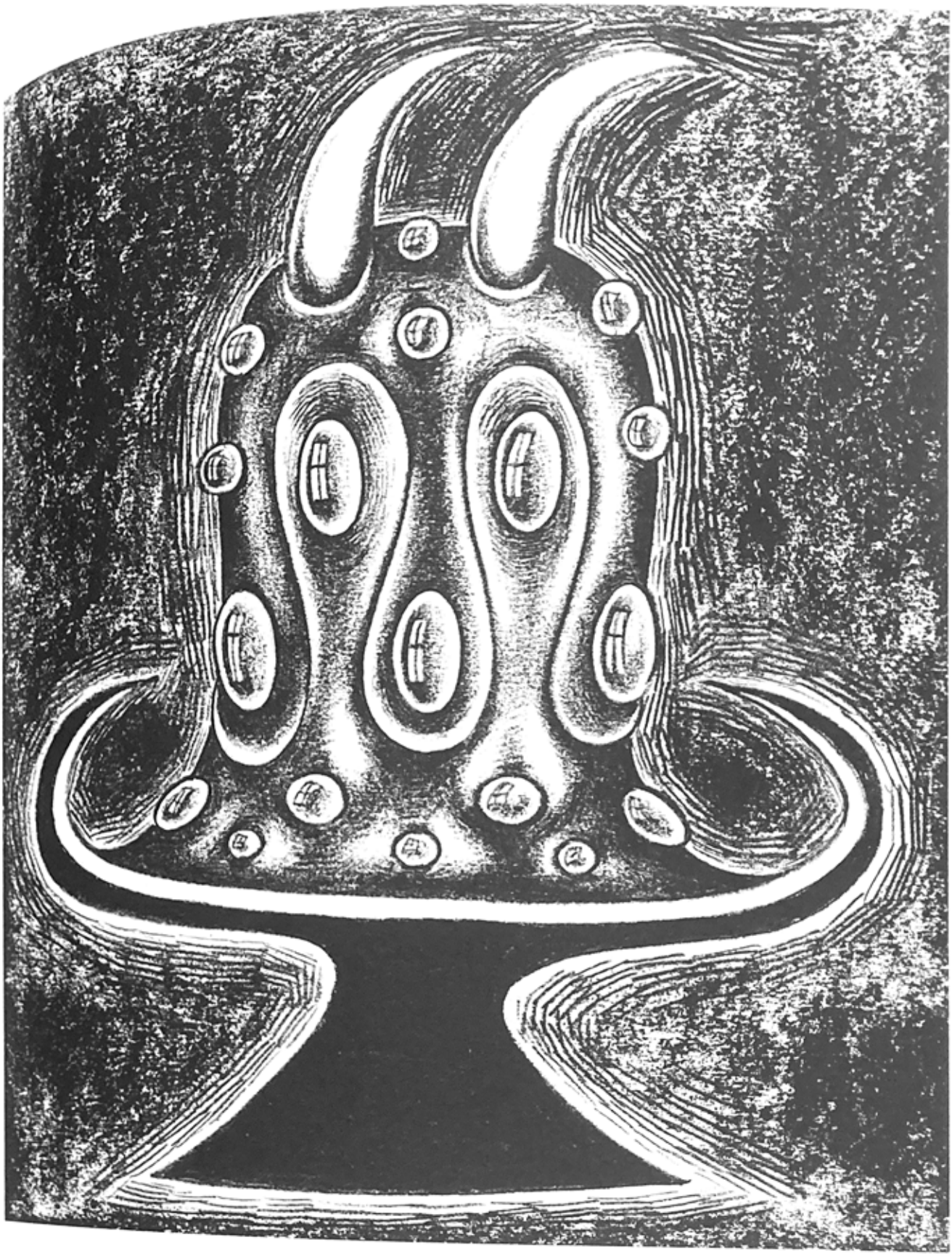
IRIDESCENT BULBS OF PLEASURE FUZZ
INCREASE IN INTENSITY SO THAT ONE
MAY SEEM TO YIELD TO THE POWER-
TRANCE OF SUSTAINED COINCIDENCE
... MOLTEN OBLIVIONS PULSATE THE
CHIMES OF A DISINTEGRATING
BLISS-ARTIFACT...





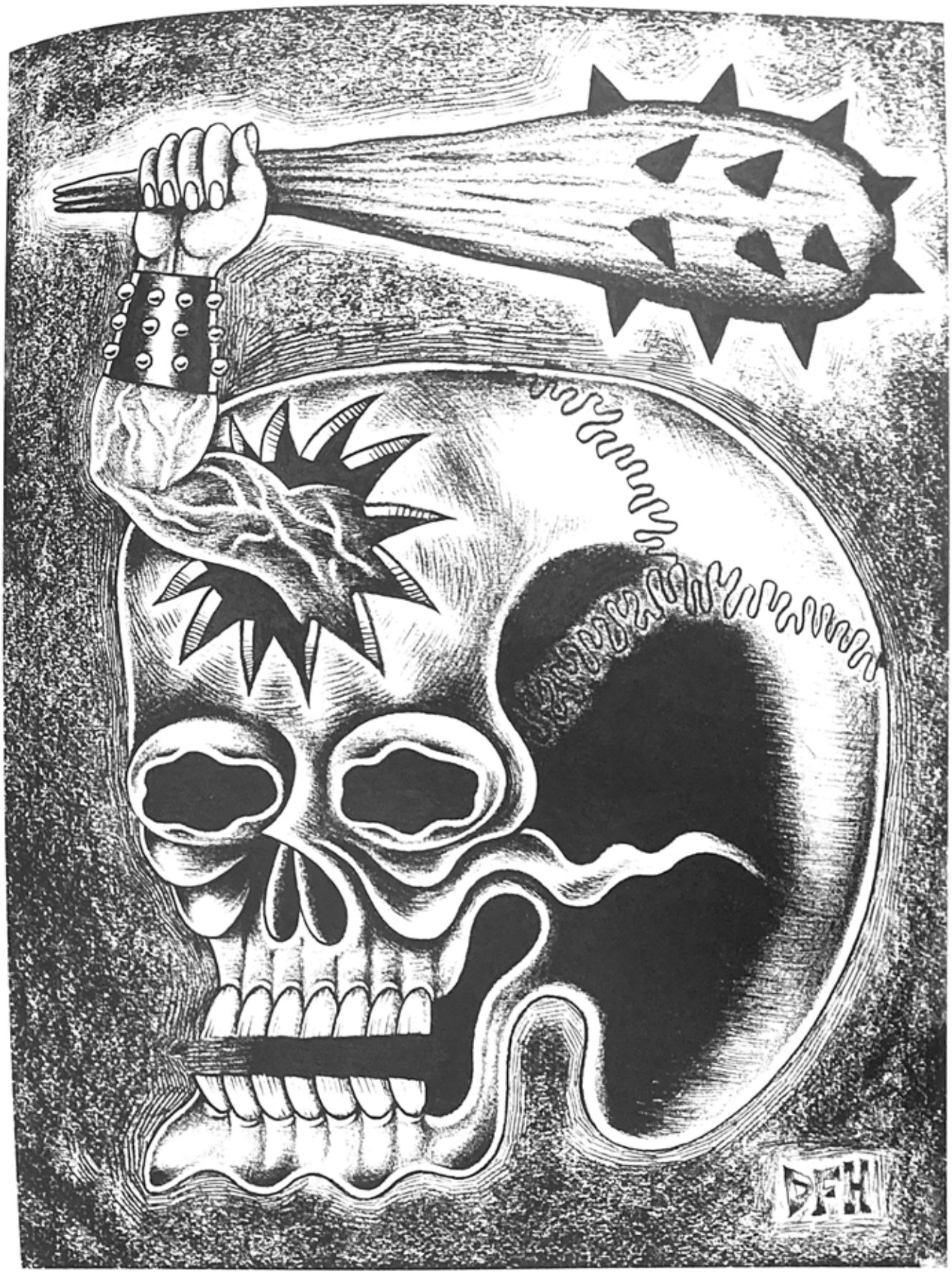






SUSPENDED ABOVE THE CENTRAL FIRE
OF THIS MOMENT DISTURBINGTHE SOUL
... REALMS OF ENGROSSMENT IDENTICAL
TO ONE'S FORMER S-ELVES EMERGE
FROM THE LAUGHING DOORWAY
BETWEEN ALTERNATE DAMNATIONS...
PROWL THE HORROR-BORDER ENCLOSING
THE OPEN GATE... CHUCKLING FUNERAL
BELLS IMPROVISE A HIGHER CLEANLINESS
TO ALLOW THE GAME OF PROPHECY TO
CONTINUOUSLY ADAPT

D.F.H.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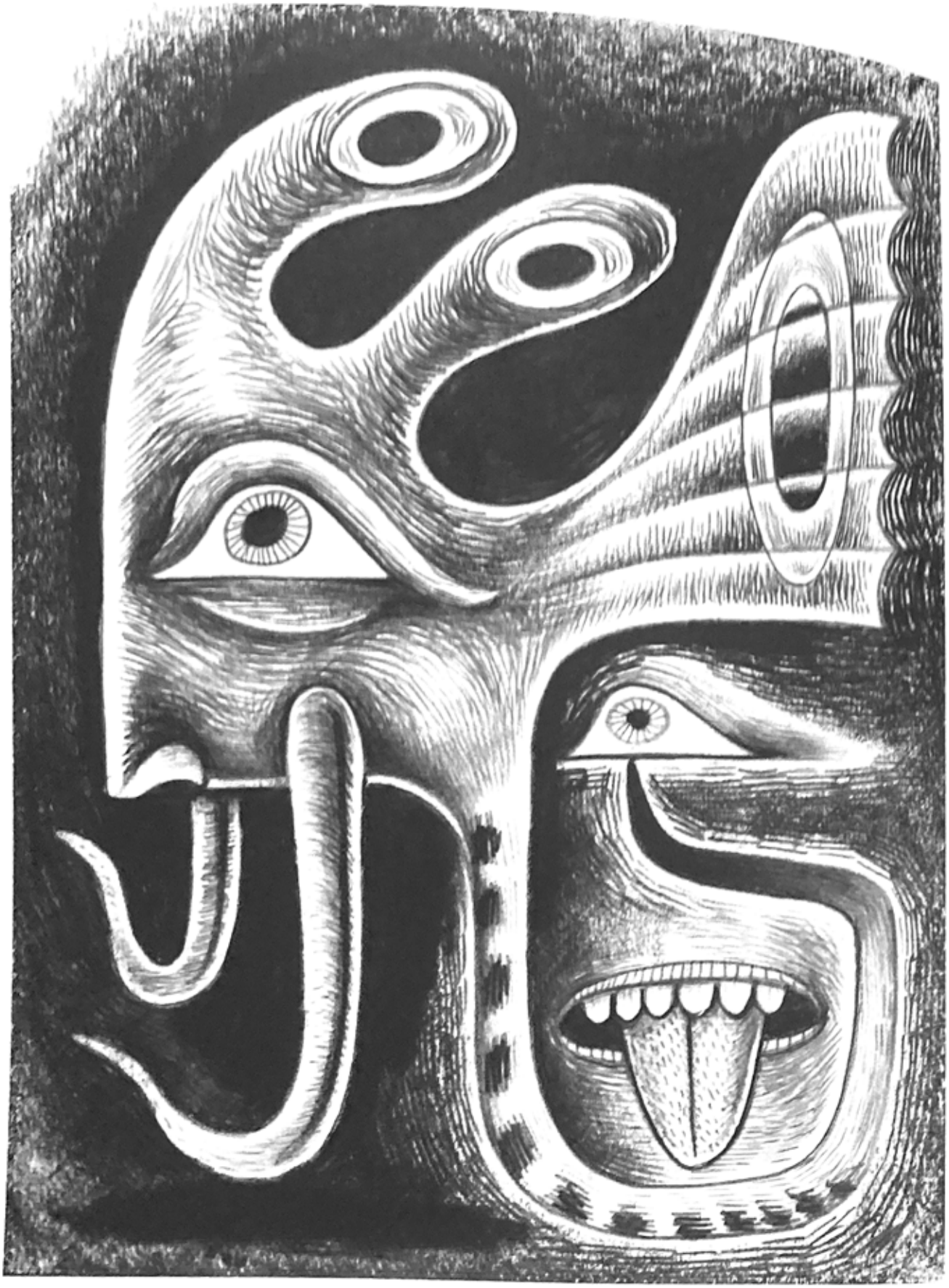
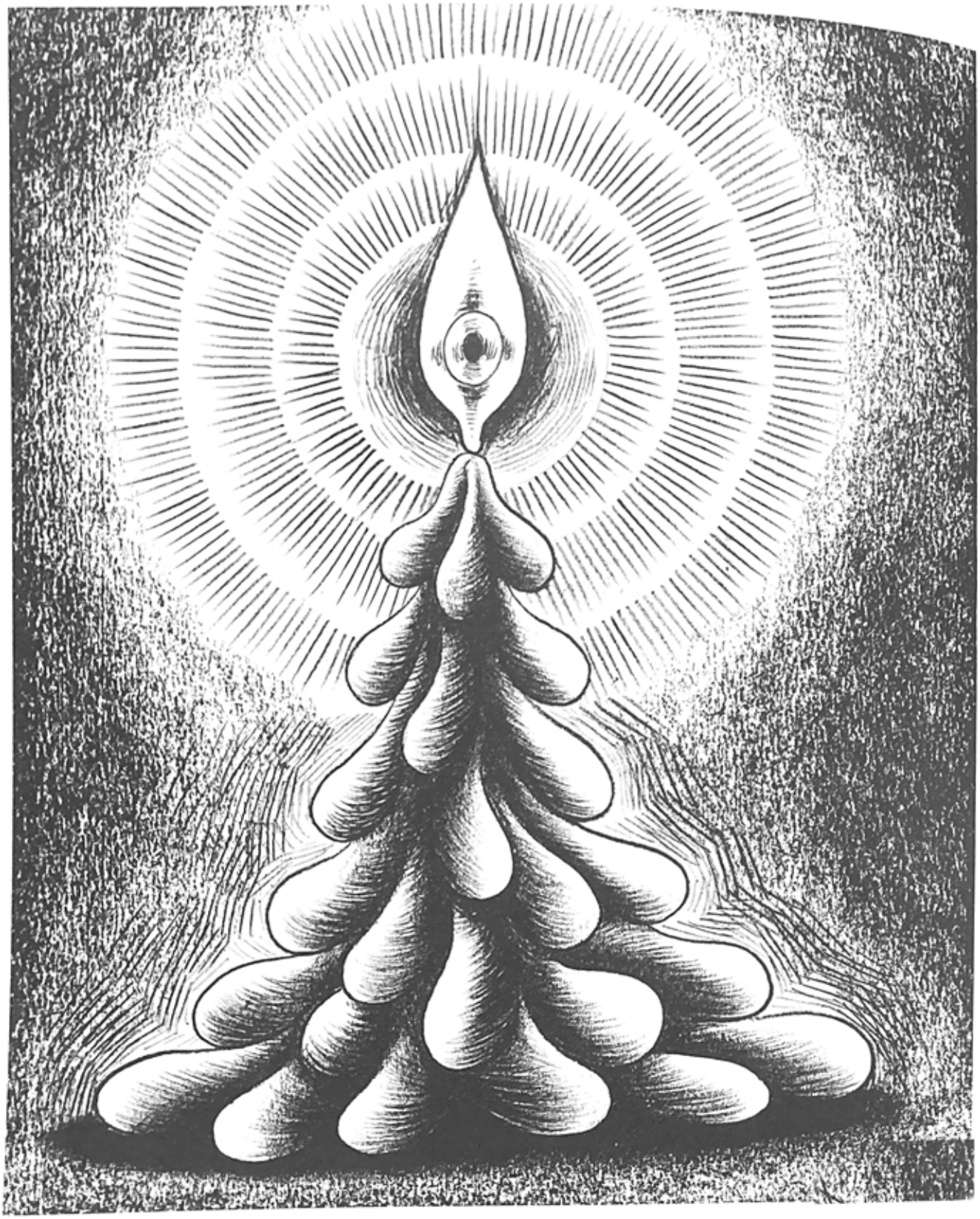
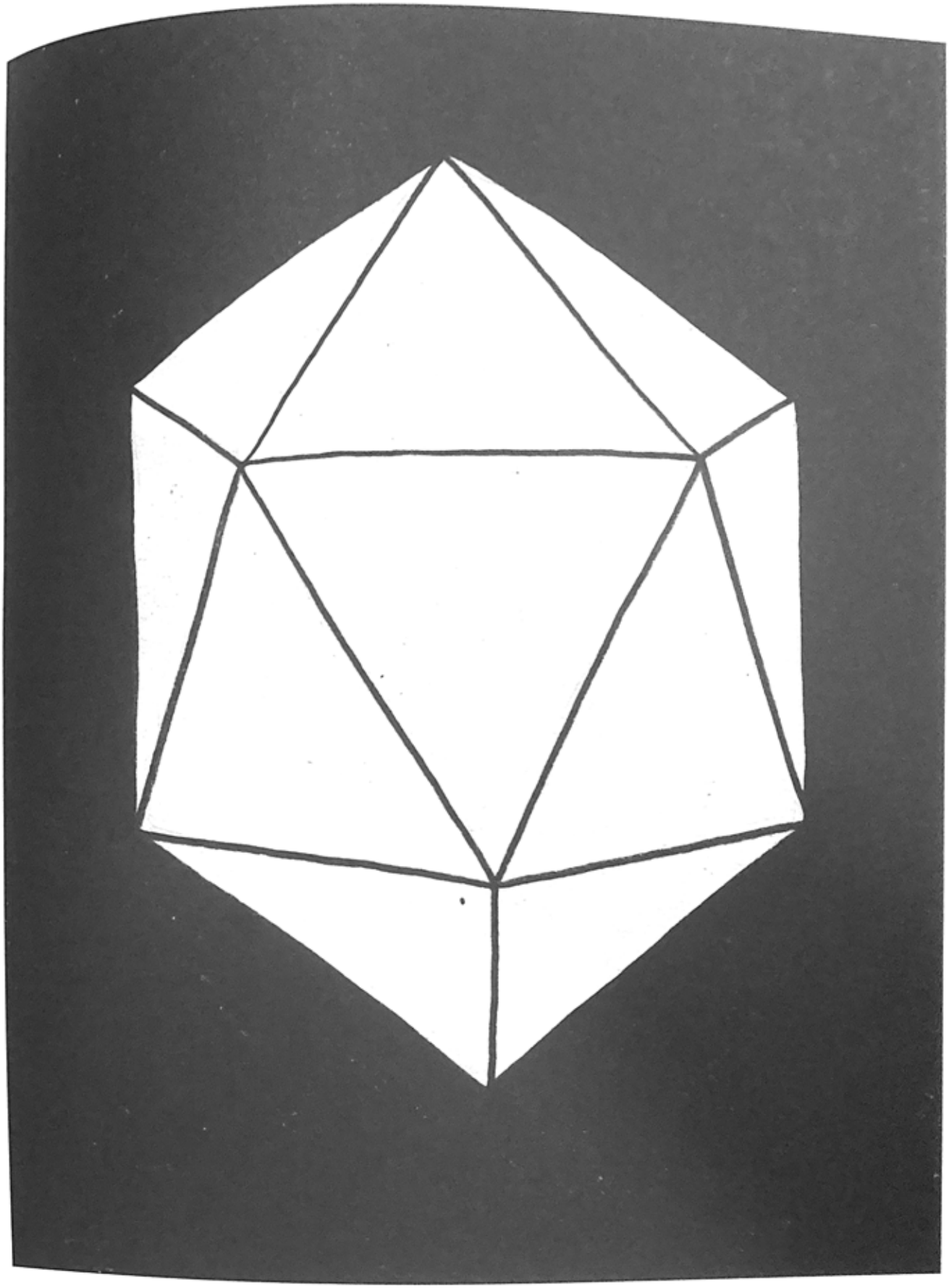
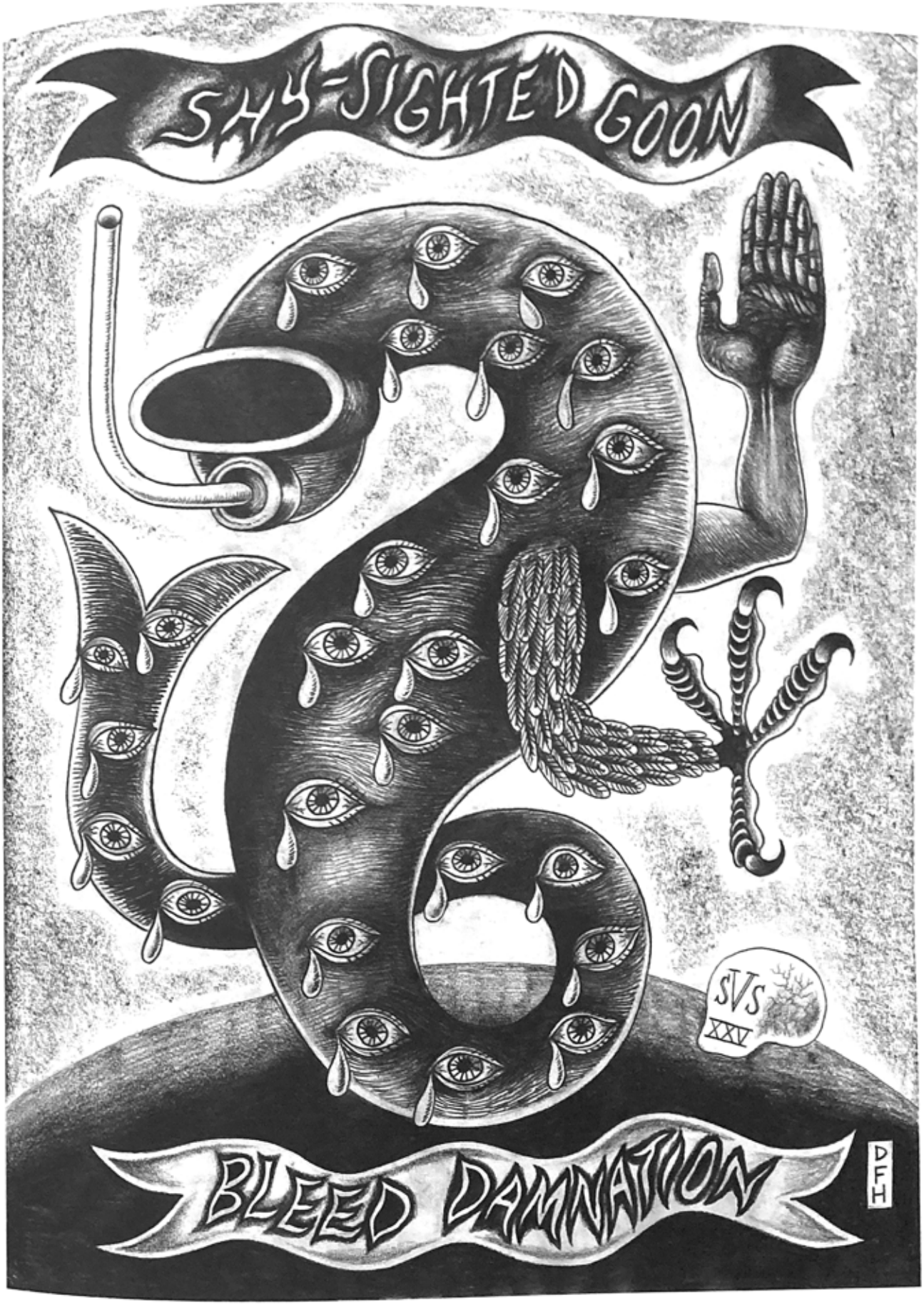
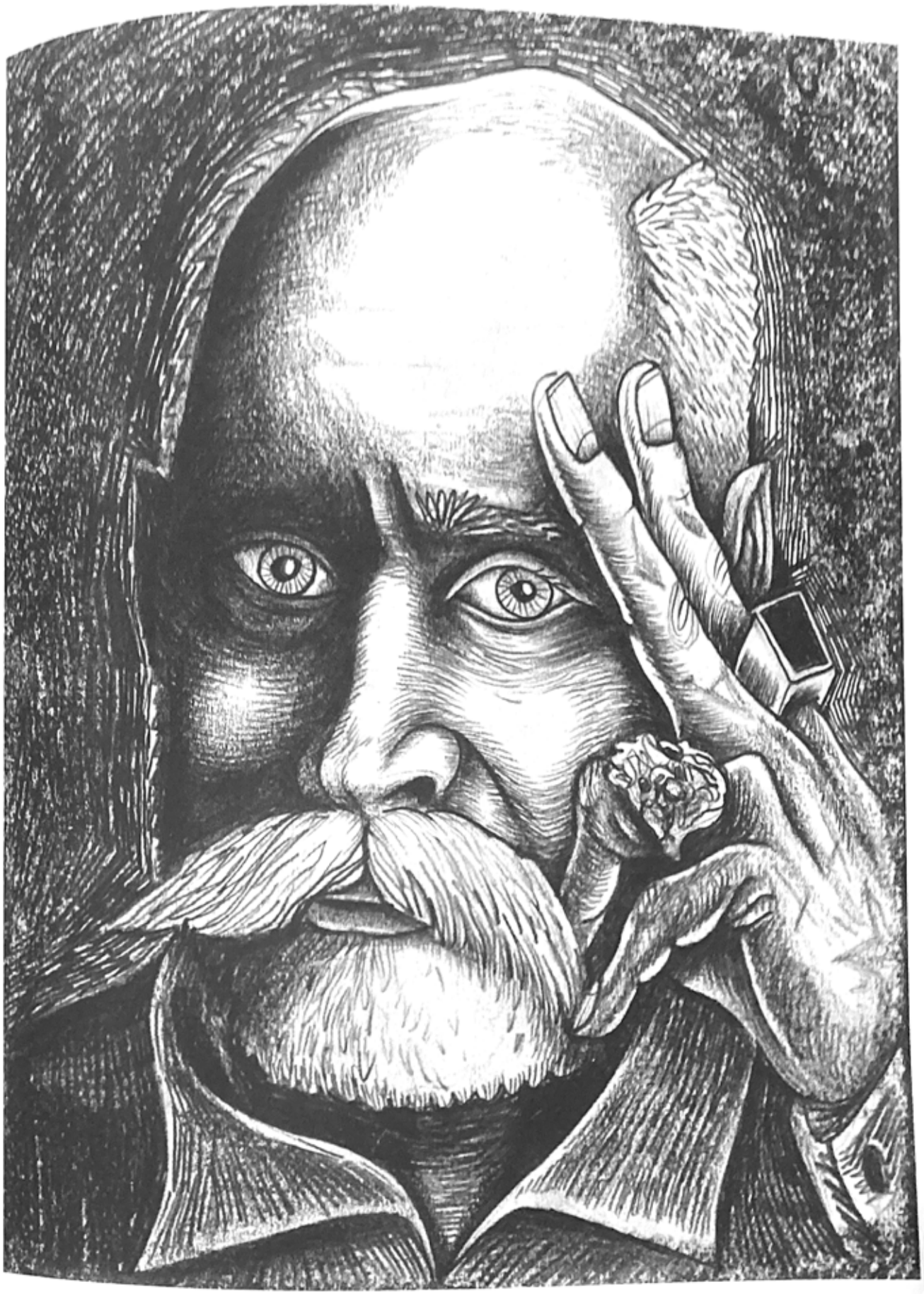


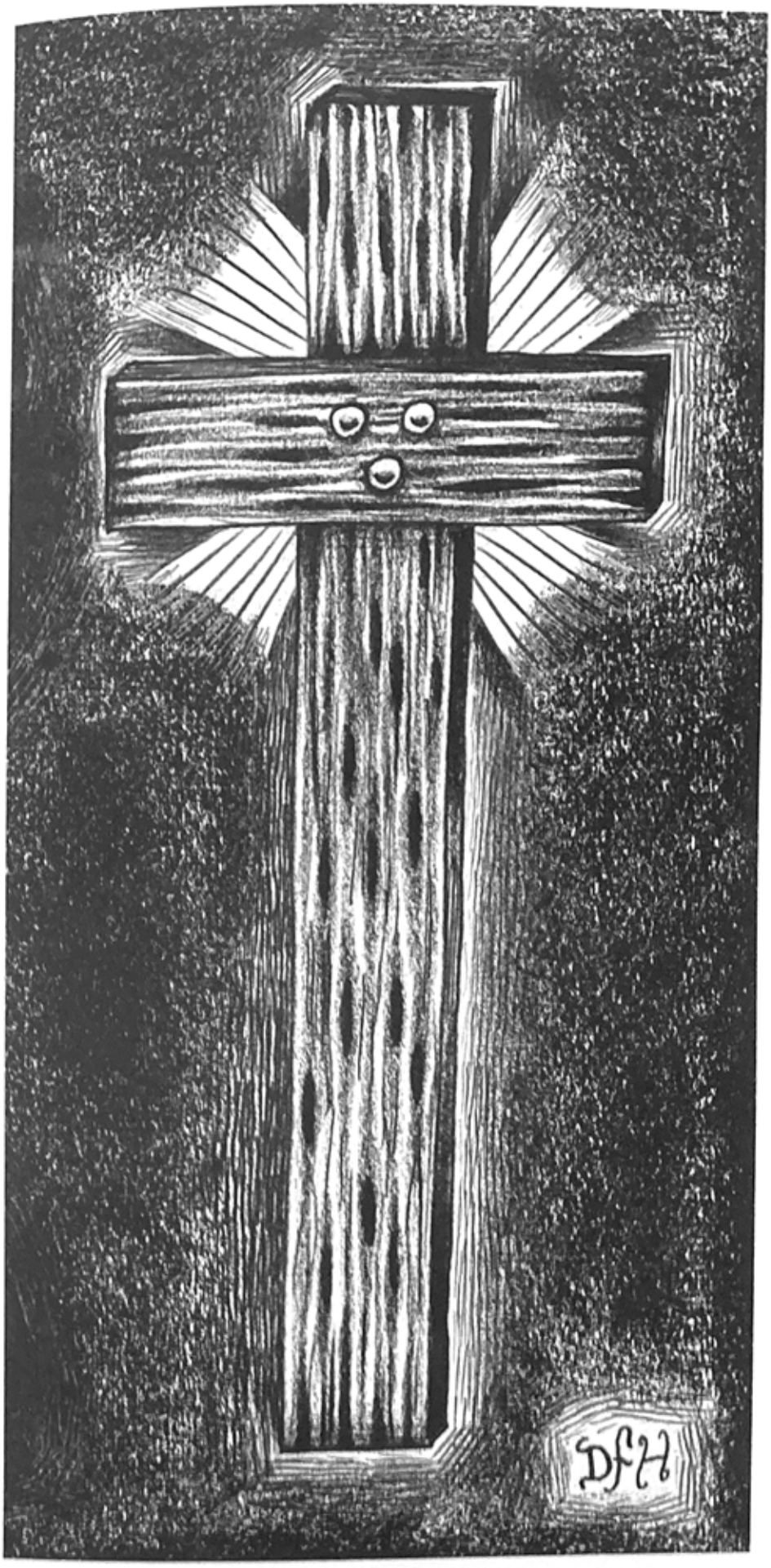




THE ADEPTS SLOWLY FILED INTO THE BACK ROOM OF THE CAFE LE CIMETIERE DES ELEPHANTS, HERKY-JERKY ON A MIX OF PSYCH-MEDS, STREET DRUGS & ALCOHOL. WITH THE POMPOSITY OF A FREAK TRIBUNAL, THE MATRIARCH SIGNALLED FOR THE ORDEAL TO BEGIN AND HER JESTER READ ALOUD THE FIRST NAME ON THE LIST. I SAT REPEATING THE RHYME TO DISPEL PHOBOPHOBIA, THE BOOK NESTED LIKE A BADGER IN MY CANVAS SHOULDER BAG. I BEGAN TO DRIFT ON THE INTERMINABLE MONODRONE OF THE POETASTERS, HEAD GENTLY BANGING IN RUMINATION. A TWIRLING THYRSUS SPRINKLING WINE... GIANT LEMURS ROBOT SUBMARINES ... FIG NEWTON JINGLE... TUCUMCARI NEW MEXICO... STARTLED BY THE SOUND OF MY NAME BEING CALLED, I STOOD & OPENED THE BOOK, PEERING INTO ITS VIBRATORY SLABS OF MOSAIC STRATA MECHANICALLY COLLAGING BACK INTO ITSELF, A TREADMILL OF AMNESIA IMPLODING WITH WORSHIPFUL DENSIFICATION. I SUMMONED A VEIN-POPPING FURY & SPAT OUT ABORTED TULPAS OF IDIOTIC EIDOLONS, BENDING LIKE A REED IN A STORM OF JEERS & INSULTS. THOUGH HISTORIC RE-ENACTMENTS OF THESE EVENTS HAVE PRODUCED CRUDE REPLICAS OF THE TELEPORTED DOOMSDAY OBJECT,


SHY-SIGHTED GOON
SVS
XXV
BLEED DAMNATION
DFH




DfH